PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

AUG 8 1944

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXVIII. No. 700. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1944 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

Comments . . . . Page 49
Russia, Germany and Europe 51
Homes and Harmony 52
Hungary and the Jews 52
This England 52
A London Diary. By Critic 53
Whataturk! By Sagittarius 53
Argentina at the Cross-roads. By Norman MacKenzie 54
I Was A Colonial Civil Servant . . Page 55
Europe's Prisoners. By Sidney Keyes . . 55
Meadow Manners. By C. H. Rolph . . 56
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 56
Correspondence 56
From R. Mitchell; Jerzy Szapiro; E. Sabline; R. Woodifield; Eric Maxwell; S. K. Ratcliffe; B. Kanoria Hony; and others.
Page
Books in General. By Raymond Mortimer . 59
Reviews:
Shakespeare Criticism. By H. B. Charlton . 60
Crystal-gazing. By G. W. Stonier . . . 60
New Novels. By Philip Toynbee . . . 61
New Pamphlets 62
Week-end Competitions 63

TOWARDS AN INDIAN SETTLEMENT

A week has passed since Mr. Gandhi broke the Indian deadlock and held out a prospect of a reasonable settlement. Is it caution that accounts for the general silence, or is it that the Mahatma's quick movements bewilder us? However it is to be explained, the fact is that Mr. Amery will say nothing and Lord Wavell will do nothing, while Mr. Jinnah maintains a stony indifference. Worse than all this, the correspondent of the *Times* in New Delhi, who usually reflects the views of the Bourbons of the bureaucracy, has so interpreted Mr. Gandhi's startling new departure as to rob it of most of its meaning and all its reasonableness. The details may call for scrutiny, but the outstanding facts are first that Mr. Gandhi has met the central demand of the Muslim League and, secondly, that he advises Indian co-operation during the war period under the Viceroy as "constitutional monarch" after the formation of a National Government. To refuse to recognise that Mr. Gandhi has brought his rebellion to an end is as mean as it is unintelligent. This chance may not come to us again. If we ignore it, we shall confirm Indians in their distrust of our good faith, with the result that we may find them intractable, when at the end of the war we are prepared to discuss a settlement. The time to seek their friendship is now.

It matters so much to grasp the significance of this new fact that it may be well to review what Mr. Gandhi has said and done. His offer to the Muslim League comes first in order of time. Negotiated by Mr. Rajagopalachari more than a year ago, while Mr. Gandhi was still a prisoner, its main purpose is to restore Indian national unity. For the duration of the war, Hindus and Muslims are to act together under a National Government, which Congress and the Muslim League shall join in forming. The goal both are to acknowledge is the full independence of India after the war. A plebiscite in the predominantly Muslim provinces, which a Commission shall delimit, will decide after the war whether these provinces really are bent on creating their separate Muslim State *Pakistan*. This does not mean that Mr. Gandhi is converted, or even reconciled, to the idea of a Muslim Ulster. He believes in Indian unity, as all Hindus and many Muslims do. But he realises (as Congress did in 1942) that no province can be embodied in a federal India against its will. He stipulates that before the vote is taken free discussion shall be permitted. What is new in this offer—that the regions in which Muslims have a majority shall first be delimited—favours Mr. Jinnah's chance of securing a majority. He could hardly hope to carry Bengal as a whole, but he might possibly succeed in its eastern half.

When we turn to the aspects of Mr. Gandhi's proposals that concern us directly, we face the criticism that he has neither renounced civil disobedience as a political technique nor cancelled his "Quit India" demand in principle. This is true enough. He maintains his right to resort to civil disobedience, much as the Whigs, looking back on their "glorious revolution," always upheld the right of subjects to rebel against intolerable misgovernment. But Mr. Gandhi said as plainly as possible that the time for civil disobedience is past. Again, he made it clear, not for the first time, that what he meant by that unwise "Quit India" slogan was not that individual Englishmen must clear out, but that direct British rule must come to an end. But is that not also our goal? We have said so, often enough, from Macaulay's day onwards. The new fact is that Mr. Gandhi has retreated from the intemperate urgency of the demand Congress made in August, 1942. He aims at independence after the war, which was what the Cripps offer contemplated as a right and a possibility, if India chooses to exercise her right as a Dominion to secede. In the meanwhile, it is perfectly clear that Mr. Gandhi contemplated no change in the constitutional position that need call for legislation. The Viceroy would become *de facto* a "constitutional monarch"—a phrase which Sir Stafford Cripps himself used. This means, we take it, not that he would formally renounce his veto, but that in fact he will not, in internal matters, use it. Mr. Gandhi is content that military matters shall remain in British hands. Broadly this means the acceptance of the Cripps offer, though there may well be details that call for adjustment.

One difficulty, indeed, stands out which is not a mere detail. Mr. Gandhi, of course, realises, as Congress did when it first answered the Cripps offer, that India can never be independent, if the Princes, as autocrats, may remain outside the Federation. Their territories, cutting across its roads, railways, rivers and electric grid, encircle and penetrate the provinces all over the Peninsula. If these enclaves were to remain as foci and citadels of British power, to talk of an independent India would be to trifle with words. This grave matter will have to be faced squarely if we hope for a final settlement of the Indian question.

That cannot be won at a rush. We should be content if very much less were achieved at the moment. The main thing to recognise is the chance offered by Mr. Gandhi's change of front. Do we care to reconcile the mass of the Indian nation, who in seven at least of the eleven provinces stood and probably still stand in a majority behind him? The first step, as we see it, is to release the Congress prisoners. Their revolt is long since over. It is well, too, that we should recollect that they have never been tried, and that they cannot now be a danger to order. Once they can come together and take decisions, we would urge them in the interests of co-operation to further a return to representative government in the provinces. That raises once more the thorny issue of a Muslim-Hindu understanding. Mr. Gandhi has made his gesture. Can Mr. Jinnah afford to be merely negative? If he cannot accept Mr. Rajagopalachari's formula, what are his terms? Or must we conclude that his aim is to obstruct any settlement whatever? We take him to be a man whose ambitions range higher than that. But we are not sanguine that a settlement can be reached either with Indians, or between Indians, until we make it crystal clear that we want to settle. This Mr. Churchill has never managed to convey, though his mastery of the English language is equal to the task. His countrymen expect him to say it now.

On to Warsaw

The major enigma in German strategy on the Eastern Front is the evident intention of the enemy to cling to the Baltic States. They can hardly count on the Russians repeating in East Prussia the blunder made by the Tzarist High Command during the last war, when two Russian armies advancing westwards on either side of the Masurian Lakes allowed themselves to be defeated in detail through an absurd failure in reconnaissance. With Grodno captured, the line of the Niemen forced, and the fall of Kovno imminent, the Russians seem likely to reach Tilsit and Konigsberg within a relatively short time. This will leave the German northern army group completely in the air, though its divisions (one would have thought) are urgently needed for the defence of Western Poland. German military commentators are hinting that the Führer in his wisdom is planning a devastating counter-offensive against the right flank of the Russian advance. As the Northern army group is reported to have no armoured divisions, this is not a serious threat. It seems more likely that the decision not to throw Latvia or Estonia overboard has been taken by Germany on purely political grounds in defiance of military common sense: one last desperate effort must be made to convince the Finns and Rumanians that the Reich can still protect its satellites. As a result, with the right flank of the Russian Ukrainian armies now going sweeping round against Lvov, and no adequate resources in the way of strategic reserves available to enable the German High Command to repair the ruin of the central sector of the front, a massive Russian offensive is now in full swing between the Niemen and the Carpathians with its spearhead pointing straight for Warsaw. Although the official German propaganda line is still that the war will be won or lost in France, the lectures in the German press on the prevalent sin of defeatism, with long, and it would sometimes seem deliberately revealing lists of reasons for defeatism, suggest that the evidence of disaster in the East can no longer be concealed.

Orne and Arno

Any hopes which the German High Command may have entertained of stabilising a line in the West and being thus temporarily enabled to switch divisions to the East seem likely to be frustrated by the success which has attended the breakthrough of the Second British Army east of Caen. General Montgomery is a commander who likes to make sure. Before launching his armoured attack he waited patiently for favourable weather which would permit the effective use of his overwhelming air power in support of the land forces. If the German armoured divisions which General Montgomery has evidently considered to be his prime objective can be effectively worsted in the battle now being waged, we may expect to see a new and radically different phase of operations in France. Meanwhile, in Italy, the loss of Ancona and Leghorn means that Kesselring is finally driven back to the so-called Gothic Line, which the Germans have prepared along the foothills of the Etruscan Apennines. He has fought a stubborn retreat all the way north from Rome, but the price which he has had to pay has been such an attrition of his forces in rearguard actions that he may have barely sufficient men effectively to hold the Gothic Line against determined attacks. And he can scarcely hope for reinforcements.

China's War

Mr. Curtin's statement to the Commonwealth Parliament that "although the transfer of the main United Kingdom war effort to the Pacific must wait Germany's defeat, large and powerful forces would become available this year," suggests that we may expect a crescendo in the offensive against the Japanese in the south-west Pacific. Meanwhile, for the past twelve days carrier aircraft have attacked Guam, the former United States naval station in the Marianas, whilst Liberators have now struck at the Volcano Islands. Island by island the Japanese are being pushed back nearer their home waters. That the Japanese are uneasy is implied by the fact that within the past few days Admiral Shimada has been relieved of his post as Navy Minister and that now the entire Cabinet of General Tojo has resigned. On the Chinese mainland Japan's rapid advance since May, during which they took the two key towns of Loyang and Changsha, seems to have been halted. It was always doubtful whether they could afford to stretch their lines so far across this long railway line unless they could divert more of their troops to hold it. At the same time there is no doubt as to their superiority in equipment and supplies over the militarily starved Chinese army. This is the crux of the fighting in China, and Mr. Henry Wallace has taken a full report to President Roosevelt following his talks with the Generalissimo and leading Chinese officials. At the same time, he has raised the question of the political difficulties between the Chungking Government and the Communists and is said to have offered his services as an intermediary. As to the financial problems, on which he has also given a report to President Roosevelt, these will be the subject of discussion with Dr. H. H. Kung who is now in Washington.

Pleased?

The Government must be easily pleased if, as some of its supporters are now maintaining, it is satisfied with the reception of the Town and Country Planning Bill in the House of Commons. Abstention from voting is not so well-established a method of recording no confidence in this country as it used to be in France. There was, however, no doubt about the Labour Party's decision to abstain from voting on the second reading being as near to a vote of censure as the party could go without a direct attempt to pull the Government down. Nor is there any doubt about the solidity of the opposition which the Bill has aroused among the local authorities. Some supporters of the Bill are now attempting to argue that the real opposition should be directed not against it, but rather against the White Paper, and that the Bill itself is at least harmless, or can be made so by amendments at the committee stage. It is not, however, possible thus to dissociate the two, which are parts of a single policy, as we said last week, of tackling the problems of land use and urban reconstruction by patching instead of planning in any comprehensive way. The Government can, no doubt, continue to force the Bill through Parliament against the Labour opposition; but how long does it expect the coalition to survive such tactics, and how prepared is it to face a situation which must throw the local authorities, irrespective of their political colour, into the opposition scales? If it does persist, the signs will be clear that the Tories are getting ready to fight Labour soon at the polls, on a basis which they hope it will be possible to evade post-war domestic issues and cash in on popular ignorance of world affairs.

More Work, Less Coal

If statistics could save an industry, the British coal industry would have been saved by the admirable White Paper of figures issued last week by the Ministry of Fuel and Power. We propose to discuss some of the morals to be drawn from the document next week: in the meantime only brief comment is called for on Major Lloyd George's review of the position of the industry in the House of Commons. The plain truth is that the Minister of Fuel and Power had nothing constructive to say. "Whatever might be the structure of the industry after the war—nationalisation private ownership, or any other form of control—it has got to be efficient." Was there ever a more idiotically question-begging sentence? The real question at issue is what form of organisation is needed in order to make the industry efficient—which it assuredly and by his own admission is not to-day. Then followed more empty words such as these: "The first essential is to improve greatly the present relationship between the t sides in the industry." As if the two sides w bickering about nothing, and were not really variance about the way the industry ought to run. Moreover, why should it be necessary improve the relations between the two sides, one of the possible solutions is nationalisatio which would remove one of them altogether The trouble is not between miner and officials such, but between miners and owners and owne agents. We have some sympathy with Maj Lloyd George, who is no doubt reduced talking nonsense because the Government wou not let him talk sense even if he wished to.

The Future of the Railways

The National Union of Railwaymen, at its Conference last week, endorsed the Labour Party plan for the socialisation of the main transpo services, and also decided to renew its applicatio for a wage advance and for the consolidation war advances into a new system of standard rate The railwaymen, on whom a very heavy burde of war work has fallen, are indeed badly paid comparison with most other essential groups. Th minimum wages, including all war advance range from 77s. 6d. a week in the rural areas 80s. 6d. in London; and, as most of them a time-workers, there is not much chance of earni more except for overtime. With severely deplete staffs the railways have handled during the w a greatly increased total traffic, under the speci difficulties of the black-out and, at times, the blin They have done this practically without strike or unrest, and have undoubtedly deserved well the nation. If, after the war, the railways a handed back to private control without an effective co-ordination of transport services, th railwaymen will be in for a bad time. The Union anxiety for public ownership of the main transport services is readily understandable; and, indeed, it is difficult to see how post-war transpo problems can be effectively tackled except on basis of unification under public ownership.

PARLIAMENT

Wednesday.

Two important debates have "blown up, if not quite unexpectedly, at least without preliminary staging. Tuesday's, indeed, took th Government and most Members complete by surprise: on the Supplementary Vote o Credit, which the Chancellor (Pethick-Lawrenc consenting) introduced perfunctorily as a me formality, Stokes suddenly let fly with a ful dress attack on British propaganda to the enem (since anything on which money is spent is order in a discussion on granting the Governme more money). Our propaganda, said Stoke "is only having the effect of reinforcing th Germans behind Hitler." He said that th "unconditional surrender" formula w "ridiculous." He quoted an officer's lett to the effect that German boy soldiers ha killed themselves rather than be captured.

Sir Herbert Williams said that at least one tenth of the £1,000,000,000 under discussio would be wasted—"down the drain." Capta Duncan agreed that there was a lot of wast and said that he knew of some himself bu being in uniform, was "not allowed to disclose it; on which Aneurin Bevan interrupted say "Then if the Hon. and gallant Memb cannot discharge his duty as a Member of Parli ment, he ought to dispose of his uniform Bevan also denounced the motion of thanks the Prime Minister, now on the order-paper, "that last abomination of hypocrisy"; a said that we had not armed the *Maquis* adequatel

Baxter compared Stokes and Bevan wi Macbeth's "midnight hags of hell," and sa that it might be "necessary to reduce Germa for 25 years cruelly but justly . . . to a secon rate Power." The shadows of Vansittartis and Pacifism now began to steal over the debat ere was much heat and dispatch-box-thumping; d Eden, unusually roused, insisted that Hitler as "symptomatic of a dominant German entality."

On Friday there was another debate on the ost-war continuance of emergency regulations. ome of the usual Tories contributed their usual emagogy about Britain as "a nation of serfs"; t it was Bernays who made the most "back-ard-looking" and "libellous" speech, as erbert Morrison called it, on these lines. With e presumption always displayed by some Army fficers in the House, Bernays claimed to be eaking for "the troops"—in his case, anti-ircraft gunners as a whole. Morrison explained arefully and sensibly that some regulations and strictions (e.g. black-out) might go soon; that others might be needed for a time; and that the House could review the whole situation when hostilities in Europe ended.

At question-time there was some anxiety about a shop steward dismissed for "serious misconduct"—to wit, dart-playing; Kirkwood alleged that he had been guiltless of this appalling crime. There was criticism of delays in the mail from Normandy. Dingle Foot stated that iron ore was going from Spain to the enemy at the rate of 45,000 tons a month. Several elderly Members spoke of the difficulty of reaching the lavatories in crowded trains, and thought that the Ministry of War Transport ought to "enable passengers in great distress to get relief." The problem, Noel-Baker explained, was obviously one of overloading. PONTIFEX MINOR

RUSSIA, GERMANY AND EUROPE

HE landlords of East Prussia are already on the un, seeking precarious sanctuary in the inner eich. No social group in Europe has so dis-sterous a history. East Prussia is not to-day e only home of the Junkers and it has never een an important stronghold of the Nazis; its rban workers during the Weimar Republic ad a sturdy record of voting Social Democrat defiance of their overlords. Yet we are right seeing the approach of the Red Army to East russia as the sign that the reign of German ilitarism is over. Left undisturbed in their posts nd possessions after the last war, the class opularly known as Junkers frustrated and even-ually destroyed the Weimar Republic. Fear at the great land scandal of East Prussia would e exposed and the Junker estates broken up nally induced Hindenburg to overcome his orn for the plebeian Nazis and to accept Hitler s Chancellor. Together this combination of russian landlords, officers, great industrialists, e obedient bureaucracy, the S.S. and the Nazi arty murdered democracy in Germany, forced his war upon Europe, slaughtered Poles, Jews nd Russians in their millions, and ravaged nd looted the Continent they finally overran. t is a heavy, indeed it is an impossible, account pay. There can be in such matters no balance f wrong and retribution. But there must be an bsolute determination that this monstrous com-ination of evil shall be finally and completely mashed and destroyed.

The Russians understand this well enough. hey recall the experience of 1919, when the llies were foolish enough to think it a victory r "law and order" when the army shot down e workers and sailors, whose revolt had hast-ned the end of the war. Soviet citizens are ot likely to forget that last time the war ended ith the Allies, not in Berlin, but in Archangel, nd that when the first vengeful period was over, ritain and America supported the revival of e Junker-industrialists and, later, of the Nazis ho made no secret of their intention to use eir power against the Soviet Union. Twenty ears of boycott and *cordon sanitaire* have creased suspicion and three years of Nazi ccupation have driven home the lesson. The oviet Union at the end of this war will want, ove everything, peace and security; the rimary conditions of peace and security are establish good relations with Britain and merica and to see to it that the great resources f German industry are not again organised on a ilitary footing. If Europe, and above all, ermany, is again organised against Russia then e world will be split into hostile camps and fear f the next war will dominate all policy and estroy all the hopes of mankind.

Russia to-day has been rightly compared to e United States a century ago; for the Russian, s once for the American pioneer, a vast un-eveloped area offers an unlimited opportunity r invention and enterprise. But the United tates was not threatened with outside interference nd the richest third of its territory had not een devastated by war and occupation. Russia, therefore, needs two things—security from the threat of war and aid in rebuilding. Stalin cannot again call on the people of the Soviet Union to tighten their belts for two more five-year periods with the expectation of another war at the end. Soviet citizens want to plan for peace and to enjoy some of the fruits of an industrial development whose speed, under Socialist control, has far outdistanced the pace of the most extraordinary feats of private enterprise. Peace and reconstruction are likely to be the watchwords of post-war Russia. The rulers of the U.S.S.R. will therefore be anxious to take part in international reorganisation; Stalin will readily go farther in this than Mr. Roosevelt is likely to take the American people. Similarly in trade, Russia hopes to aid her recovery by agreements now under discussion with business people in America and Britain.

Once these essentials are clear it becomes possible to interpret Soviet policy in Europe. It is likely to be a very "moderate" policy; the notion of taking a hand in stirring up revolutions is now, as Mr. Churchill said recently, far from the minds of the rulers of Russia. As long as the Governments of her neighbours are not engaged in hostile intrigues, the U.S.S.R. is unlikely to interfere with their character. In Rumania the Red Army stands aloof; its correct behaviour is the best advertisement for the U.S.S.R. Towards stubborn Finland, Stalin still seems ready for a generous settlement. By way of reassuring Poles who feared that he wanted a Soviet Poland, Stalin has dismissed the anti-Polish Korneichuk and appointed a party leader who has worked much with him in the Kremlin. There seems no doubt that Stalin means it when he says he desires an independent and strong Poland; the condition is that it is a friendly Poland, and not again a semi-Fascist State which even prefers, as the Poland of Pilsudski did, to intrigue with Nazi Germany than to ally itself with the Soviet Union.

All these examples point the same way. Russia's desire is for a peaceful collaboration with the West and a moderate policy towards her neighbours. But it would be a mistake to believe that it is the only policy possible for the Soviet Union. Like other countries Russia has alternative foreign policies. After the last war, for instance, Britain collaborated at Geneva, but ended up in Munich. In the same way the U.S.S.R. really worked hard for collective security, but decided in the end that we were not serious, and bought two years' preparation by a treaty with Hitler in August 1939. So to-day we should prophecy with assurance that the U.S.S.R. will join readily in any great scheme for keeping the peace, but that if she is cold-shouldered or persuaded that her Allies are again intriguing against her, she is capable of the most ruthless alternative policies. If she is doubtful about Britain or America and again fears that for business or political motives German resources may again be used against her, then she may respond with an exaggerated ferocity or, more likely, with an effort to make Germany for effective purposes part of the Soviet bloc. The effect in either case would be a rivalry of West and East to win for themselves the power and resources of Germany. If Britain and the Soviet Union do not agree, then no "punishment" of Germany now will prevent another war. If we do agree the problem of Germany is soluble within the framework of an integrated Europe.

Once we have grasped this single purpose and dual policy, many things that have been obscure become clear. Russia, for instance, demanded an independent Austria and the Allies at the Moscow Conference agreed. *Izvestia* has attacked us and many other people for discussing plans for federation in Eastern Central Europe. When pressed for an explanation, *Izvestia* made it clear that Russia's objection was not to the necessary economic fusion of Balkanised Europe, but to plans sponsored from Britain and America for reinstating old-fashioned Governments hostile to the Soviet Union, which would be kept in power on the understanding that they looked after anti-Soviet capitalist interests and continued along the old lines attempted by Poincaré after the last war. No country is less likely to believe in the capacity of these nations to remain separate sovereign units than is the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. We believe that the Soviet Union would co-operate in plans for the economic prosperity of these countries, given progressive governments which would not lend themselves to intrigues against the U.S.S.R. After her long exclusion, Russia responds to proposals for practical co-operation, but recoils in the grimmest suspicion when the peoples of the West talk in vague terms of Federations which do not include the U.S.S.R.

Clearly the crux is Germany, and in particular that vast dynamo of industrial energy which is centred in the Ruhr and Rhineland. Here is the central problem. It is by no means only a German problem. The coal of the Ruhr, which depends on the great waterway of the Rhine, is part of a single economic complex which includes the steel and iron of Lorraine, Luxemburg, and Belgium. Under the Third Reich this vast centre of power is controlled and run on a single plan. The industrialists of Belgium, Luxemburg, and France are most of them collaborators in the fullest sense with their German partners. Presumably this problem is now engaging the attention of the London Council of America, Britain and the Soviet Union. Such questions as the "re-education of Germany" are dependent on this main problem of agreement about the future of Germany's great industrial resources. If that is decided the rest is possible; if Russia fears that the West is again being organised against her, and we on our side believe that Moscow means to organise East Europe against us, then no other agreements can be of more than the most temporary utility.

The sooner such questions are openly discussed the better. German collapse may come, as Winston Churchill told how he saw it come in the last war, suddenly, and it may catch us unawares, unless, in addition to official plans there has been public information and discussion. It is the duty of our statesmen to take the public into their confidence about the real problems and not to confuse them by emotional irrelevancies. Whether the people of Germany again become dangerous or gradually become good Europeans depends far more on agreement between Russia and the West than on any other single factor. If British, American and French capital again back reactionary elements in Germany, Russia will play a similar game. We shall then sow the seeds for another even greater war within a generation. The alternative is a constructive plan for the development of German industry, for the benefit of the common people of the whole of this devastated continent. If this is done we may enter on a period of reconstruction in which the peoples of Europe find their own forms of government, while international economic and political cooperation gradually becomes real.

HOMES AND HARMONY

The Report of the Central Housing Advisory Committee to the Minister of Health, better known as the Dudley Committee, is published this week*. To judge from the universal appeal of its subject matter, it should be a best-seller. A book of fascinating details about our future homes and their surroundings must interest practically everyone, and those who know something of the work of the Central Housing Advisory Committee and the information that has been collected and submitted to it, have waited for this report with real excitement.

We are strange people and the ways of our Government departments are bewildering. We have a Minister of Reconstruction, a Ministry of Town and Country Planning, a Ministry of Health, a Ministry of Works (as well as a Department of Scientific and Industrial Research and other expert and technical departments) all directly concerned with housing. There has certainly been an attempt to co-ordinate the work of the three latter departments in the present report, although an imperfect one. The Minister of Reconstruction was appointed when the work of the Committee was well on its way, and it is difficult to see where he comes into the picture. The terms of reference of the Central Housing Advisory Committee were—" to make recommendations as to the design, planning, layout, standards of construction and equipment of dwellings for the people throughout the country." As considerations of layout involved entering " on a wider field " (they generally do) the Committee approached the Minister of Town and Country Planning, who set up a special study group on this subject. Their report is incorporated, and is a most interesting and important essay in planning. The Ministry of Health Committee also had the reports of twenty-two expert committees set up by the Ministry of Works, dealing with such subjects as Construction, Acoustics, Lighting, Plumbing and the use of various materials and installations. From some of these reports the Committee quotes freely: insufficient use seems to have been made of others, and references to the work and discoveries of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research are disappointingly timid. Information was also obtained from thirteen representatives of local authorities—counties, county boroughs, cities and rural districts; five leading local authority associations; fifty-seven organisations ranging from the R.I.B.A. to the Society for Improving the Conditions of the Poorer Classes, the Royal College of Physicians and Mass Observation, and a large number of representative women's organisations; and twenty-six individuals interested in housing from various points of view.

The result is a shorter document than might have been expected; but, in view of the fact that the Ministry of Works Committees' Reports form a separate series, this is an advantage. The Report is comprehensive, and includes such subjects as the provision of accommodation for old people, single people, and difficult tenants, as well as a study of different types of dwellings and internal arrangement and equipment, with technical notes and plans. A sufficient amount of detail is given in the section on equipment; there is no attempt to dodge the difficult questions of dimensions and measurements, and above all, costs—though more details with reference to the saving of running costs by greater capital expenditure would be welcome.

The Report opens with some excellent pages on general principles: the mistakes and shortcomings of the inter-war period are analysed frankly; emphasis is placed on the importance of good design, on the necessity for varied and mixed development, and the reversal of the policy of segregating groups of the population according to income levels; on the importance of good standard materials and making use of new scientific discoveries and modern production technique. Disappointment, however, awaits us. We are led to expect that the Committee will put first things first; above all, *space* in preference to trimmings. But what do we find?

The inter-war Council house had an average area of from 750 to 850 square feet. There can be no doubt that this was far too small as a total, and that, apart from the deficiencies of the 750-foot non-parlour house, individual rooms were too small. But the Committee's report solemnly recommends (certainly as an irreducible minimum) 900 square feet for the new houses, and goes on to say: " the nervous strain of living in too cramped quarters is an enemy of healthy family life and cannot be ignored. Rooms must be large enough both for the furniture they are to contain . . . and for the people who are to use them. Moreover, the reduction in space below a certain limit greatly increases the work of running a house and keeping it clean." This is incredible. The foregoing analysis of the rooms required and of the floor space necessary for each room makes nonsense of this admirable summary. Cost? It is, of course, a question of cost. In an interesting and important appendix the relation of cost and economic rent is worked out on a basis of 1939 figures. We are to have a post-war three-bedroomed house at an average rent, excluding rates, of about 13*s.* 7*d.* a week, or, if interest can be kept to 3 per cent., at 12*s.* 6*d.*, as against 12*s.* 3*d.* and 11*s.* 4*d.* for the better pre-war standards. In other words, the Committee, working under the shadow of the Treasury, has made a most gallant attempt to produce a practical compromise. In their many admirable recommendations throughout the Report the Committee makes no such compromise. In the all-important matter of space why anticipate an Axe?

The Report of the Study Group on Site Planning and Layout in relation to Housing is a fine piece of work. Regional development and the new conception of Neighbourhood Units within larger towns are the central theme of a detailed and careful study. The space around dwellings, road layout, architectural form, planting and care of trees and gardens are parts of the subject matter. It would be a mistake to quote from this thoughtful study: it should be read as a whole.

---

* " Design of Dwellings." H. M. Stationery Office, 1/

HUNGARY AND THE JEWS

Mr. Eden has promised that " we shall use the B.B.C. to bring home to the Hungarian Government all that this country feels about the atrocities against the Jews in Hungary.

About this two things should be said. First, that it would be wrong to assume that nothing can be done to save some of the survivors of this monstrous slaughter. The deportations are reported to have ceased for the moment as the result of a strong protest from the neutral Swedes, and the official protection offered by the Spanish Government for Spanish Jews in Hungary. It is worth remembering, too, that 750 Jews have been allowed to leave Hungary for Palestine as the result of the payment of a large sum of money from Zionist circles in the United States. This would seem to be a matter on which we should call on the services of the High Commissioner for Refugees, who is still functioning under the auspices of the League, and could presumably obtain permission to visit Budapest.

Secondly, it is to be hoped that in bringing home our feelings on this subject to the Hungarian Government, the B.B.C. will put the matter in its right historical perspective.

Mr. Eden's other remark that " the previous record of the Hungarian Government makes this so much more terrible a story " cannot be taken as exonerating the Kállay Government, or indeed any of its predecessors which have served under Horthy since 1919. The Regent himself bears a heavy and long-standing responsibility for the outbursts of anti-Jewish terrorism, like the massacres of Siófok and Orgovány, which he actively encouraged during the counter-revolution. Imrédy, the power behind the present Government, was Horthy's Prime Minister 1938. It is true that under Kállay the positi of the Jews up to March 19th of this year compared favourably with that in most other German-dominated countries. But humanitarianism w far from being the chief motive behind th comparative leniency. Indeed, it was Káll himself who said, on May 29th last year in speech which was repeatedly acclaimed as definitive statement of Government policy, th the final solution of the " Jewish problem could only be the deportation of the Jews. Su a solution was, of course, untimely as long as th Government was playing its double game assisting the Germans and reinsuring itself wi the Allies; but László Endre, who has now bee entrusted with its execution, was at that tim Kállay's Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Pest county Nothing could better suit the book of the supporters of Kállay and Bethlen than to watc this work being done for them by a gang the know are completely discredited in the eyes the world, so that they can come forward afterwards with clean hands and protestations innocence. That egregious opportunist Ullein-Reviczky, who himself in June 1942 expressed Hungary's " eternal gratitude to the two gre Axis Powers " for the gifts of Czechoslovak an Rumanian territory, is already talking sanctimoniously about " my Jewish compatriots " an their enviable lot in Horthy's Hungary.

The *Daily Herald* has expressed surprise th the Hungarian Government should " dare " t act thus in the face of repeated Allied warnings but it is unfortunately the fact that the B.B.C by its feeble, often appeasing, attitude toward the Horthy regime, is partly to blame for th present complete lack of active resistance by th Hungarian people either to the Germans or t their own rulers, for it has never made it clea how far such assistance would have Britain's moral support. Among other things the Catholi and Protestant Churches should be told th vague and unctuous protests against " evil doctrines " (such as were previously uttered by th Prince Primate Serédi), are not enough to prov that the Church tried to defend the persecute Jews. The Catholic Archbishop Czapik use quite unequivocal words when recently condemning British-American " terror-bombing " the Calvinist Bishop Ravasz outdid Governme pep-talkers inciting Hungarians to shed thei blood on Russian soil. No strong or forthrigh word of denunciation of racial persecution of th Jews has yet been pronounced by either th Catholic or the Protestant clergy, and there hav been some who openly supported it. Th present situation calls for bold, outspoken treatment such as the B.B.C. Hungarian service ha invariably avoided on the Jewish question treatment which will call to account not merel the Germans and their present jacks-in-offic but the whole Hungarian system which ha prepared the ground for these atrocities.

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this colum goes to H. Botham.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of pap and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Frederick Charles Peel, police superintendent the Arundel Division, appeared at Littlehampto to-day on a summons taken out by himself f having permitted an unobscured light to show fro one of his windows at the divisional headquarte —*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

After the refreshments there was an amusi competition, in which the members paraded wi hats trimmed with vegetables. This was wo by Mrs. M., who had contrived to make turnip look like water lilies.—*Torbay Herald and Expre*

He refused to let his wife and daughter in, an picking up a milk bottle, emptied the contents ov the constable.—*Cheshire Observer.*

A LONDON DIARY

PEOPLE ask me, when some spectacular news makes a fleeting appearance in the press, why it has not been dealt with in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The answer is often that the greatest care has to be taken in wartime not to discuss events that didn't happen. The wells of truth are even more muddy and difficult to fathom in this war than in the last. All countries are playing a feverish game of political warfare, and the result is such a confusion of truth in a multitude of tongues that one of our leading propagandists said to me not long ago that he thought that since 1940, when the Germans had all their own way, the results would have been much about the same if no country had done any foreign broadcasting at all. Often it is impossible to be sure whether a particular news item was put out in an enemy language for a short-term purpose of misleading a foreign army or of having a desired effect on a particular piece of negotiation; often, too, contradictions or statements are made with no reference at all to the truth, but just in order to placate an ally. Liddell Hart in his most interesting essay, *Why don't we learn from History?* (P.E.N. books, Unwin, 2s.), gives an example of a defeated general in the last war deliberately inserting an impossible order in the records and explaining that it was *pour l'histoire*. The history of this war will be even more difficult to write. Historians will have to ignore the enormous mass of untrue or half-true printed and broadcast news when they are writing their factual narratives, but they will have carefully to analyse it (heaven help them!) when they want to explain what people thought was happening and the effect of these illusions on events.

* * *

One of the oddest incidents of which we have not yet the whole truth is the story that the flying-bomb was tried out on Spanish territory. Last August the Allies bombed the experimental station at Peenemunde, which they have just bombed again. Later Moscow reported that some of the German scientists, bombed in Germany, were moving operations to Spain. There followed many well-founded attacks by Moscow on Franco for aiding Hitler and finally a member of the staff of *Reynolds*, who listens in regularly to Moscow broadcasts, reported that the Soviet Union had definitely stated that the flying-bomb had been tried out in Northern Spain. This was published in *Reynolds* June 26th, and repeated a week later by the *Sunday Dispatch*. Questioned in the House about the report, Eden declared that he was absolutely sure that the story was without foundation. He had inquired from our agents in Spain and also from the Spanish Ambassador here. Southby naturally used the occasion to attack those who doubted Franco and accepted Soviet statements, while Pritt, Driberg, Leech and Shinwell reminded Eden that during the Spanish war Moscow had been persistently right in its reports of Axis help to Franco, and the Foreign Office, relying on Franco sources and British agents, had been consistently wrong. Why, they asked, did Eden not make his inquiries in Moscow? Then came the joke. *Pravda* retorted at once by denouncing the "ridiculous questions" of "hysterical M.P.s" and assumed that Driberg and Southby were both anxious to discredit Moscow! Moscow said it had first picked up this news story from the *Sunday Dispatch*.

* * *

How interpret this story? First, I find nothing in it to make me sure that the robot plane has not been tried out in Spain. I distrust Eden's source of information; and the Moscow denial sounds to me like an effort to please the British Foreign Office, especially as I have just discovered that the *Spanish News Letter* of April 8th reported on the authority of the Tass Agency that German scientists of the I. G. Farben were at work near Pamplona on certain secret weapons. The supreme joke of classing Southby, Driberg and Pritt together, and scolding Moscow's most fervent champions in the Commons for anti-Soviet propaganda, is to be explained by the ignorance of able but inexperienced young men now on the staff of *Pravda* who know nothing about British politicians or parties, and who have, I am told, a good deal more rope than they used to have in running the great newspapers of Moscow. Apparently they relied on a Reuter *precis* of parliament. I have no doubt there will be more such incidents before the Moscow and British press learn to understand each other's conditions and points of view. The important thing is to learn from them and not to be annoyed by them. But I am still far from convinced that flying-bombs were not tried out at Pamplona.

* * *

Can vandalism ever have been more wanton than the German shelling of San Gimignano? The B.B.C. reporter, who told the story an hour after seeing the first shells fall, could hardly restrain his emotion. Sheer malice apparently; there could be no military reason for destroying this tiny medieval city, the most perfect in Italy. The inhabitants, the reporter said, had been friendly to us; as they left the Nazis said that they should pay for it and, as he spoke, the shells were making good this threat. How far the destruction went I do not know, but it would not need many shells to destroy the cluster of thirteen towers, which in Dante's time the great families built in the arrogance of their rivalry. These gave the city a profile strangely like that of New York. Personally I cared more about San Gimignano than about other even more famous places, for I recall arriving there one moonlit night, and realising, as vividly as any time in my life, man's capacity for creating beauty. On the positive side it is good news that Arezzo, declared by the Germans to be a strongpoint that would prove a second Cassino, is not destroyed. Not only the Cathedral, but, more important, Piero della Francesca's frescoes in the Church of San Francesco, are intact.

* * *

Good accounts appear in the press about the Maquis, but to give a picture of French resistance as a whole and to set it in the background of the Gaullist struggle in North Africa is more than any newspaper article can achieve. There are many cross-currents as the situation changes from day to day. The Union of Democratic Control is, therefore, much to be congratulated on publishing a readable and reliable pamphlet, *France and Allied Policy* (price 6d., U.D.C., 34, Victoria Street, S.W.1), which is astonishingly up to date. Here is an analysis of the different forces which compose the National Liberation Front, of their contribution to Allied strategy and their relations with de Gaulle. It then deals with Anglo-American policy towards France up to and including the invasion of Normandy.

* * *

Your Future (published by the Labour Party, 4*d*.) is a hard-hitting and concise pamphlet which is not afraid to say that the talk of Britain being poor after the war is mainly a Tory line against Beveridge, educational and health reforms and a higher standard of life; in fact, against everything the Tories don't want. This is said in a simple and forthright conversation which ranges over the whole field of Labour policy. The pamphlet should go into the streets and factories. Everywhere people had begun to wonder if the Labour Party was ever going to realise that the next election is going to be the most crucial in its history. A lot more needs to be done along the lines of this good beginning.

* * *

A woman veterinary surgeon who recently served a sentence of one month in Holloway prison as a conscientious objector, has written an account of her experiences there. It is published by the Howard League for Penal Reform under the title *A Prisoner's Log*, and some of it makes disturbing reading. It should be read, because as the author points out, "all letters in and out of the prison are read by the authorities and . . . complaints about prison food and conditions are not allowed." She has a good word for most of the prison staff, and regards the others as victims of their vicious environment; but what of the distant, impersonal authority that issues to each woman prisoner a bible, a hymn book, an Anglican prayer book, two inches of soap and no comb? Her story has the quality of simplicity and complete frankness—"Baths are not compulsory and quite a few people never have one . . ." "A pathetic sight is the row of cradles in which the babies are put out to get the air every day. The mothers have them at night in their cells." One point that seems to call for special investigation is that it sometimes takes several weeks for the authorities to ascertain to their own satisfaction that a prisoner just received is a first offender. Until then she is presumed to be an "old lag" and wears the blue tie of the recidivist. As soon as she gets the red tie of the first offender she is taken from the bad characters' "wing" and strictly segregated. The harm, of course, has then been done but a principle has, with stupid fidelity, been vindicated. "I feel," says this woman whose only crime is an unshakeable determination to make her life conform to her principles, "that I should now be able, with perfect safety, to walk into Selfridges' and lift a pair of stockings."

* * *

Latest crack from opponents of Thomas Dewey. They don't mind changing horses in mid-stream, they say, but why should they get a Shetland pony?

CRITIC

WHATATURK!

Conversations are afoot in Ankara . . . which may lead to Turkey taking part in the war before the end of the summer.—Associated Press, Ankara, July 12th.

WHAT makes the well-informed assert that peace is now in sight?
It's not the super-spectacle of military might,
It isn't Alexander's threat, or Rokossovky's blow,
Or sweep of Allied victories from Lessay and St. Lo—
It's the absolute conviction of an inner force at work
Which will change the neutral outlook of the perspicacious Turk,
Unenterprising, temporising, pussyfooting Turk.

The only neutral Ally in the whole united bloc,
Preserved from diplomatic and from military shock,
The Turk, so supersensitive to any hidden snag,
Would never move if victory were not now in the bag,
And when the Turk cuts down on chrome and takes a loss on zinc
It shows that peace is nearer than the Allied generals think.

The forcing of the Niemen, the forward drive from Pinsk,
The great push-off from Plotsk and Pskov, the coming fall of Dvinsk,
Montgomery's advances on the Odon and the Orne,
The Eighth beyond Arezzo and the Fifth beyond Leghorn,
These show the march of victory, but what removes all doubt.
Is not the armies pushing on, but Papen pulling out.

Despite official warnings of interminable strife,
New optimistic prophecies are absolutely rife,
As, saved from all contingencies by Allied guarantees,
The Turk is creeping in by imperceptible degrees.
The burdens of full victory this Ally will not shirk,
The ever-wary, ever-chary, self-preserving Turk,
The hesitating, calculating, non-committal Turk.

SAGITTARIUS

ARGENTINA AT THE CROSS-ROADS

It is reported from Argentina that the departing British and United States Ambassadors are accompanied by their wives and personal servants. Sir David Kelly and Mr. Armour are evidently returning home for something more than routine consultations. But does this step presage a radical change in Anglo-Argentine relations or is it only a reluctant and temporary move pressed upon Whitehall by an anxious State Department? For up till now British diplomacy in Argentina has seemed unaffected by the war, and has continued the old imperialist traditions of power politics as if we were living in the age of Agadir rather than Teheran. Whilst public interest has been diverted by events in Europe, the City, which has always regarded the Argentine as the "Sixth Dominion," has continued to dominate our Latin American policy. Presumably, the break has only occurred now because it is clear beyond all doubt that the Farrell regime is not merely Fascist—that alone would not cause very much concern to British finance—but also violently anti-British. After all, though President Ramirez initiated the series of military coups which ever since June, 1943, have led the Argentine people along the road to a Corporate State, he received diplomatic recognition and economic support. At that time British business circles hoped that he might prove useful in counteracting United States influence in South America, and that he would continue to play ball with this country.

In February, Ramirez was replaced by another and more extreme military clique. Democracy was completely suppressed. Argentine politics and economics came under even stricter military control. Nationalist agitation against all foreign influence increased. Argentina's claim to leadership of the Latin American peoples, her hostility to Pan-Americans, to the United States and to the democratic governments of her neighbours were continually voiced by Colonel Peron, the strong man of the Farrell administration whose bellicose speech of June 10th was the immediate cause of Washington's displeasure. Nazi intrigue continued. For tactical reasons, the more obvious German agents were rounded up and deported to Spain. But through Franco's *Falange Exterior*, through his diplomatic machine, and through their secret advisers attached to the Argentine dictatorship, the Nazis went on with their work. With the approach of German defeat, preparations have been speeded up for a shift in the work of the Fascist International. The new Axis is to be Madrid-Buenos Aires. In South America the Nazis hope to create a strong base where Fascism may survive until it is possible to organise a putsch inside the United States. That is why plans are being made to evacuate German machines to Spain for eventual shipment to Argentina; why large numbers of Franco agents have crossed the South Atlantic in recent months, and why the political organisation of the German Embassy in Buenos Aires last year offered the Iron Cross to those who worked well for the Führer in South America, helping "all revolutionary anti-Allied and anti-Semitic elements."

For this far-reaching conspiracy to succeed, Argentina has to be made strong militarily and economically. That is one reason for scarcely concealed threats to Uruguay, control of which is essential to any military plans for the domination of South America. Two years ago, that threat would not have been very serious. But to-day, war plants are being rapidly developed; conscription has been extended; the already well-trained Argentine army is being steadily mechanised and reorganised and, recently, air-borne and paratroop units have been formed. Since the proper refusal of the United States to extend Lease-Lend armament supplies to the Argentine, modern weapons are being produced by native industry. It is an interesting and sinister fact that one of the men engaged in this job is Fritz Mandl, the Austrian arms manufacturer. Mandl has always been closely associated with the Nazis, and he has had long experience of arming Fascist revolutionary movements, especially in Hungary and Austria. His lieutenant is Prince von Starhemberg, who is advising Argentine and other South American Fascist leaders on the training and equipment of large semi-military formations. Mandl openly admitted to a gathering of Argentine financiers that Argentina was in a most favourable position to serve as an anti-democratic base after the collapse of Germany.

Unfortunately, Britain has contributed a great deal to the present crisis, though unconsciously and, it now appears, to her own disadvantage. Argentina has been the one fairly sure foothold of British capitalism in the Western Hemisphere. Important export interests in this country, together with a group of influential investors, fear that after the war Britain will be facing a desperate fight with American rivals in world trade. Whatever the composition of the Argentine Government, they think it vital to the preservation of their interests that Argentina should continue as a semi-colonial agrarian country. That seems more important than the needs or aspirations of her people. British policy during the war has therefore concentrated on maintaining some sort of economic bridgehead there at almost any cost. At a time when the Foreign Office was trying to persuade Castillo to break with the Axis in 1942, British business interests and the Board of Overseas Trade were said to sanction continued neutrality by the anti-American but pro-British administration. A break with the Axis might have placed Argentina wholly within the Pan-American bloc and, thereby, under the economic influence of commercial rivals in the United States. Here, in fact, is the key to Argentine policy, both now and in the future. Except for the last decade, the wealth of the country has been almost exclusively drawn from its land. In a normal year, three-quarters of the corn and two-thirds of the beef entering world trade came from Argentina. It is hardly surprising, in the circumstances, that the political and economic life of the nation should have been dominated by the landed aristocracy. This oligarchy ruled through the army and electoral fraud. Its grip was powerful. In 1942 less than two thousand people owned land equal to the combined area of Belgium, Holland, Italy and Denmark. This dependence on agricultural produce determined Argentina's foreign policy. From the standpoint of the *estancieros*, the most desirable thing in the world was that Argentina should occupy a colonial position in world economy, exporting raw materials and foodstuffs and importing manufactured goods. They regarded the tight bi-lateralism that existed between Argentina and Britain as ideal. Britain was the buyer of more than 40 per cent. of the total exports of Argentina. As a concomitant of this position, British investments grew. The landowners waxed fat on the export trade made possible by railways and packing houses built by British money.

Since the last war British capital has been yielding a diminishing return. To save British investors from bankruptcy, the British Government exerted ever-increasing pressure on Argentina. The bi-lateralism became even tighter, a process which culminated in the Roca-Runciman trade pact of 1933, tying Argentina closely to British economy and excluding American goods from the Argentine market. This gradually produced its reaction. First, the continuous concessions made by the Argentine Congress to foreign companies aroused the indignation of a people who could obtain no redress under a corrupt electoral system. Their resentment therefore turned against the foreigner and his money; even ten years ago there were small anti-plutocratic and pro-Fascist groups throughout Argentina. Second, a serious class struggle was developing between the landed aristocracy and the urban commercial classes. After the agricultural depression of the 'thirties, which resulted from Argentina's dependence upon a export market, her temporary inability to purchase foreign manufactures led to a mushroo growth of native industry. At the outbreak of war Argentina was facing a major economic crisis. Her demand for industrial imports was declining; at the same time the wealth and power of the landowners depended upon the preservation of a distorted economy.

The war has shelved that question for the time being. Industry found a ready market internally and amongst Argentina's neighbours; there was an almost unlimited demand for meat by Great Britain. The war offered a chance for Argentine industrialists to free themselves from foreign financial control at a time when such an act would not cause an open clash with the agrarian politicians. But such an alliance, which can at best be temporary, could not have been achieved without the existence of a co-ordinating force. This was found in the strong nationalist sentiment of the Argentine people. It was by appealing to this that the present military government found its mass support. The crisis has not been resolved by the creation of a Fascist dictatorship. But unquestionably an extreme Fascist imperialism can go a long way towards reconciling the opposing classes. By establishing economic or political control over a number of Latin American states—a process that has already begun—Argentina can find a market for both her industrial and agricultural products.

Although the military rulers of Argentina are split amongst themselves and represent conflicting interests, there is no reason to expect that their collapse is inevitable. Apart from their social backing, they have been able to capitalise specific influences upon Argentine psychology. Hostility to foreign exploitation, the consciousness of a national mission, internal discontent and dissatisfaction with corrupt and inefficient government, are blended, in Argentina, with the deep-rooted Hispanic tradition. The ideal of the modern Fascist movement is the Argentina of Rosas, the tyrant of the last century, who ruled a feudal country by priests and soldiers. There has always been a small determined nucleus of anti-democratic, anti-Semitic Catholics who have maintained the tradition to which the present rulers belong. This strengthens their close personal and political ties with Franco's *Falange* and their admiration for his clerical-fascist state.

British policy has shown little understanding of these confused and complex currents in Argentine policy. Britain has only one criterion: to protect British financial interests and food supplies. As the business position deteriorated, partly through inefficiency and partly through the war, the policy has been to hang on, whatever the difficulty, to some connection with the old markets.

I do not suggest that American Big Business is more altruistic than its British counterpart. But it does appreciate that it has more to gain from assisting rather than hindering the industrialisation of Latin America, and that this is more likely to take a peaceful and stable course if it is under the control of democratic governments. Argentina needs a balanced and differentiated economy. That alone can solve her economic crisis without dependence on British and European markets and money. The problem that faces her to-day is not the immediate issue of Nazi control; democratic government would rapidly put an end to that conspiracy against America. It is fundamentally economic. And its solution lies largely in the hands of Britain and America. Unless we are prepared to revise the whole question of British economic policy towards the partially developed nations and consider the possibility of collaboration with the United States in this task, we must be prepared to face a catastrophic situation in Latin America. Is that what Sir David is here to discuss? Or is economic imperialism to triumph and blunder its way into disaster for five billion pesos?

Norman MacKenzie

WAS A COLONIAL CIVIL SERVANT

When in August 1940 I landed in Dar es laam, the capital of Tanganyika, I found yself launched on a career on which I had set y heart nearly ten years earlier. Most of that tervening period I had spent in acquiring ualifications which I thought would be of most e to me in the work which I had chosen. I was oung and fiercely determined to succeed ; I was eeped in liberal principles and filled with an truistic regard for the native peoples among hom I was to work. After two years' experience felt disillusioned, frustrated, and convinced that should be in a better position to serve the terests of Africans at home than in East Africa. accordingly resigned from the Service.

This article is an attempt to set out some of y personal impressions of the Colonial Civil rvice. I am not concerned with the grievances officials, though of course these are important, nce a discontented service is unlikely to be an ficient service. And there can be no doubt that scontent is widespread. Nor am I concerned lamenting the chronic lack of funds and the nsequent neglect of the constructive services of alth and education. We all know that until this oblem of capital investment in Africa is tackled d somehow solved, Africans will remain for the ost part diseased, poor and illiterate. I am conrned, however, about the fact that, after nearly quarter of a century of British rule in this former erman colony, so little has been accomplished. ere lack of funds is not, I am sure, the whole ory, or even half of it. I believe the country eds two things above all else : a new outlook the part of its officials, and drastic reform of e whole machinery of government.

There is one thing, and it is very important, out which there can be no mistake. The tone the Service is one of sympathy and friendship r the natives, a friendship amounting almost to fection in many instances. No one could doubt e justice of the administration in Tanganyika, rticularly in matters affecting land. It was one the terms of the Mandate that native interests ould be paramount, and this has been scrupusly adhered to.

British colonial officials have many virtues. Let one undervalue their honesty, impartiality and ccording to their lights) conscientious perrmance of duties. But these qualities by themlves are not enough. Something more positive required than the prevailing attitude of benevont despotism. Too often one finds a negative tlook, a spirit of unadventurous routine, a evotion to precedent and an exaggerated deferce to the hierarchical order. There has been a ck of imagination and audacity, and an inpacity to recognise essential change, or the eed for it ; there has been an unwillingness to ke the risks of innovation, even though the mes called for the abandonment of obsolete ethods.

What Tanganyika needs is a body of men with th the capacity to see the problems confronting em in their full proportion, and also the courage tackle them with resolution. If there is to be tive government, live men must be placed in sponsible positions—men who are not too old, en who are accustomed to think of progress in rms of successful experiment and who do not rink from the risks and the responsibilities tendant on bold action.

The most pressing problem to-day is how to vitalise the administrative machine. I do not lieve that this can be accomplished merely by troducing new blood unaccompanied by reform the machinery of government. There is already widespread sense of frustration, especially among the younger and more active members of the Service. A mere raising of the standard of new recruits, without giving them scope for their energy and ability, would be like pouring new wine into old bottles, and would give disappointing results.

The Tanganyika administration has some good men, and a few that are first rate. But these are largely wasted owing to the prevailing system of promotion by seniority, a system which compels them to mark time in junior posts which call for but a moiety of their capacity. This state of affairs has been aggravated by the tendency of the bureaucratic machine to become more and more rigid, cumbersome and top-heavy as the Secretariat has concentrated power in its own hands and whittled down the authority of the officials in the field. The result has been a plethora of official obstructionism and interminable delays before it has been possible to get anything done. To a large extent government has lacked the spur to increased efficiency, which at home is provided by informed criticism in the press and on the platform. Where there has been a measure of criticism it has always been strongly resented and, I think, misunderstood. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Secretariat should have become increasingly moribund as it developed all the faults of bureaucracy—the shirking of responsibility, the shelving of vital decisions, the inhibiting of decisive action—and but few of its virtues. The remedy for this state of affairs is, I think, a much greater devolution of powers to the officials in the field, who should at the same time be relieved of some of the routine work which now occupies so much of their time and energy. Each officer's task should be clearly defined and not too extensive ; but within that field the responsibility for reaching a decision should be squarely on him.

The young administrative officer soon finds that his work is largely routine and that it affords few opportunities for constructive action. If he protests he will in all probability be told : " We all have to go through the mill some time, you know." Agreed. But this tedious process should not, and need not, take years to accomplish. If it is prolonged unduly the victim will either succumb to the prevailing inertia, or revolt, according to his temperament. More should be done to stimulate interest and encourage initiative. Officers should be made to feel that their rate of progress depends entirely on themselves and not on the mere passage of time. The system of promotion by seniority probably does more than anything else to repel men conscious of their own worth, and to attract those who want above all to play for safety. If promotion were more closely related to proved ability there would be a premium on personal initiative and we would expect to find more vigour and imagination and less self-satisfaction and complacency than is at present the case. There is a real danger that an energetic junior who finds himself faced with the limitations and prejudices of those above him in the official hierarchy may in time tend to conform to their ideas.

Whether or not *laissez-faire* principles should be retained in the sphere of production is a moot point, but there is no case for their retention in the sphere of distribution. Except in the case of actual famine, distribution of native foodstuffs, and indeed of all commodities for which there is any demand, is in the hands of a non-native trader class which has already established itself as a vested interest throughout the country. This parasitical trader element has a monopoly in Tanganyika both of business instincts and of a desire to exploit the natives. Speculation in cotton piece goods and native foodstuffs is rife, despite the stringent price control regulations. The *duka wallah* (small shopkeeper) thinks nothing of buying up a native's produce and then selling it back to him three months later, before the next crop can be harvested, at double the price. If, as we say, Tanganyika is being held in trust for the natives, then the ubiquitous *duka wallah* must be eliminated. The purchase and distribution of native produce, and also the sale of all goods intended for native consumption, should be a government monopoly, undertaken as a duty rather than as a commercial venture. If this were done the African, who is by no means a thrifty individual, would be ensured of a square deal, and at the same time it should be possible to exercise a little gentle propaganda in such matters as diet, clothes, and housing.

A word about political institutions. In Tanganyika, as elsewhere throughout the colonial empire, the official *mot d'ordre* is Indirect Rule, which may be defined, in the words of Professor Macmillan, as " local government by indigenous Native Authorities acting on the advice and under the general supervision of British officers." On the whole the system has worked well in Tanganyika. It has certainly been useful to the central government, which has provided itself with inexpensive agents on whom it could devolve duties of tax collection and the details of local government. It is, however, questionable whether Indirect Rule, based on tribal traditionalism, has not already become obsolete in the face of detribalisation. The system provides no coordination between the many parts, no practice in political democracy and, above all, no outlet for the energies of the younger and more forward-looking tribesmen. It is not too soon, I think, to press forward and invest these autocratic bodies with a more popular character ; to provide representative institutions, in part, at least, elected, which would encourage the growth of, and provide an outlet for, African opinion. We should assume that one day Africans will be sovereign in their own country, and build accordingly.

If Tanganyika is to have the necessary adjustments in its administrative technique, a thorough revision of the existing system is necessary. Unfortunately, those few in the Service who have the power to institute a measure of reform have no wish to do so, for they have become inured to the system and blinded to its defects. Reform will have to be initiated from without. But there will be no reform unless the people of Britain insist on it, unless they take the trouble to acquaint themselves with what is being done in their name in far-away corners of the Empire. If they will do this—is it too much to ask ?—then assuredly the African will participate in what Mr. Churchill has described as " the forward march of the common people in all lands towards their just and true inheritance." EX-BUREAUCRAT

POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world, ts : Yearly, 32s. 6d. Six months, 16s. 3d. Three months, 8s. 6d. ly overseas subscriptions accepted at present, to start as soon opies are available.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10, Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 3216.

STAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1½d. ; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

EUROPE'S PRISONERS

Never a day, never a day passes
But I remember them, their stoneblind faces
Beaten by arclights, their eyes turned inward
Seeking an answer and the passage homeward :

For being citizens of time, they never
Would learn the body's nationality.
Tortured for years now, they refuse to sever
Spirit from flesh or accept our callow century.

Not without hope, but lacking present solace
The preacher knows the feel of nails and grace ;
The singer snores ; the orator's facile hands
Are fixed in a gesture no one understands.

Others escaped, yet paid for their betrayal :
Even the politicians with their stale
Visions and cheap flirtation with the past
Will not die any easier at the last.

The ones who took to garrets and consumption
In foreign cities, found a deeper dungeon
Than any Dachau. Free but still confined,
The human lack of pity split their mind.

Whatever days, whatever seasons pass,
The prisoners must stare in pain's white face :
Until at last the courage they have learned
Shall burst the walls and overturn the world.

SIDNEY KEYES

[Sidney Keyes was posthumously awarded the Hawthornden Prize. He was killed in the Tunisian campaign. ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MEADOW MANNERS

NATURE is putting on a sort of Freudian pantomime in a Berkshire meadow just now. There are many performances each evening, but to see the entire company you need to take up your position at about 10.30 p.m., when decent countrymen are all in bed pretending to be in the dark, and the animal world (which can take snatches of sleep in the daytime) believes itself to be unobserved by *homo sapiens* and responds to the magic of a spring twilight made peaceful by the human self-deception of double summer-time.

A corner of a six-acre field has been fenced off as boudoir and nursery for a handsome mare and her foal. The rest of the field accommodates six fat horses. Five of these are cumbersome fellows with barrage-balloon abdomens, shaving brush tails and shaggy fetlocks; I don't know what they are—I am not a countryman, and I should call them carthorses. The sixth is clearly a hunter, a fine animal who knows about his rich brown sleekness, his splendid tail and his *raison d'être*. If you do not happen to be watching, you will be reminded that the show has opened by the sudden muffled thunder of a cavalry charge. The six horses are galloping madly round the meadow, the five carthorses alternately goaded and shepherded by the hunter. Look! they're coming round again, they shake the earth, their great bellies and haunches wobbling and twitching and swaying grossly, their splaying hoofs just missing each other as they thump the startled ground. They are entirely ridiculous, yet you watch them with an inarticulate affection touched with envy. (What do we humans not sacrifice to self-consciousness and the urge to rationalise all behaviour!) But the stampede is over; as if to some esoteric word of command, raggedly but meekly obeyed, the five have resumed their interrupted meal of grass and buttercups, and the tearing of their food from the soil is now the only sound. The hunter has no mind for food. He has trotted with an equine goose-step to the fence, and is addressing the simpering mare through the barbed wire. "As I was saying," he reminds her (or so it seems to me), "these poor beasts are not in our class. Only the present policy of ploughing-up grass land to get the Government subsidy could have brought us into association with them." He makes a feinting lunge at an obese moke who has waddled too near, and who sheers off reproachfully. "But there is something I want to say to you, my dear," he goes on. "Ever since I first saw you I have known that you and I. . . ."

Your attention wanders round the field, and you notice that numbers of those twitching little V-signs that betoken listening rabbits are encroaching imperceptibly upon the grass ration. All is quiet and they fall to, flashing a white button of tail occasionally as they find it necessary to lift their hind quarters after their questing muzzles

". . . Of course I can do it again," says the hunter, backing away from the fence indignantly. He throws his hind hoofs aloft, then rears himself upon them as they thud to the ground; emits a terrifying neigh, and rushes upon the docile five, who have already stopped feeding and are in uneasy motion through swaying, irregular figures of eight. The nearest carthorse receives a sharp, upward blow in the chest from the hunter's muzzle (did horses once fight with antlers, you wonder, and were there really unicorns?), and the thunder breaks out again—all six are off round the meadow with a walloping unanimity and no destination. But this is not quite where you came in: you missed something last time. The meadow is streaked with homing rabbits, hundreds of them, far more than you could have guessed from the V-signs. The approaching squadron could never have caught them, and anyway one species of herbivora takes no gastronomical interest in another; bunny would have been quite safe if he had moved courteously to one side as the cohort thumped past. But one frightened rabbit in a thousand makes a thousand frightened rabbits, and there is a mass abdication in fawn streaks.

This really concludes the act as a set piece. The hunter abruptly breaks away as he nears the fence again, relying on the good taste of the others to resume their meal, and the mare awaits him with her soft eyes shining through the wire. He struts up and down before her, throwing off an occasional remark so long as she is content openly to give him attention You never see the rabbits re-emerge from their holes—you merely become aware that they are about again, their numbers inexplicably increasing every moment. It is growing dark and cold, there is barely time for two more performances. But these are just crowded in, each exactly as before: the shambling frenzy of the horses, outstripped, encircled, and regimented by the hunter, the Gadarene stampede of the rabbits, the sudden hush as the cavalcade lumbers to a standstill, the cautious reappearance from the rabbit-holes. No more now until to-morrow evening . . . but you have had laughter for a month.

If you would see this comedy of meadow manners you must not delay too long—the foal will soon be weaned and its mother's departure will remove the mainspring of the show. The carthorses may be driven to dyspepsia or dropped arches, and withdrawn from the cast. I urge those whose business it is to show others the gaiety of Holidays at Home to consider what can be done with one corralled mare, a few lolloping geldings, an agile stallion and a thousand rabbits (with holes to go to).

C. H. ROLPH

THE MOVIES

"It Happened To-morrow," at the London Pavilion

"Passage to Marseilles," at Warner's

"The Eve of St. Mark," at the Odeon

It is a pleasure, after so many shrugging approvals, to be able to recommend a Clair film wholeheartedly. *It Happened To-morrow* is by far the best film he has made in Hollywood, and of its sort it couldn't well be nimbler or funnier. That sort is fantasy with a touch of the supernatural; the rather mechanical fun of *The Witch* has developed a force and poetry of its own. It's not the old Clair of *Le Million* or *A Nous la Liberté* (useless to go on harking back), but it is a new and delightful Clair, capable, let's say, of holding his own with Preston Sturges. Not contemporary America, but a past of horse-cabs and bowlers and music-halls; not the tattle of tradesmen and lovers, but the family's queer story; creepy reminiscence, sentimental gusto, the good old days; these provide Clair with at least a home from home. He has taken an idea; suppose one could read to-morrow's evening paper to-day; suppose further this gift were discovered in a reporter—what then? The situation has a solid, pre-Dunne ring, and we aren't asked to do more than accept it for the sake of the fun and thrills. So for three days the reporter (Dick Powell) develops remarkable powers of prevision, forecasts burglaries, picks winners, makes a name, falls in love, gets tangled with the police, and then, twenty-four hours ahead, reads his own obituary—shooting tragedy in hotel. Delightful to see him copying out to-morrow's big story, going to the Melba concert where there will be a hold-up in the vestibule; and some light-fingered dabbling in the future by Mr. Jack Oakie (in excellent form) and Miss Linda Darrell as music-hall clairvoyants, adds to the confusion. The incidents are not merely worked out but bubble up, with that hint of caricature which a running man or a contralto on a platform has always inspired in Clair. Wit, fantasy and slapstick; a little more camera magic next time, and we shall all be reaching for superlatives.

Hollywood makes everything and everyone in the end its own, even Réné Clair. *It Happened To-morrow* has no traces of French origin; would that *Passage to Marseilles* had more! This is one of those long, slow, crowded, tough romances which make up in power what they lack in point. Stars—Bogart, Peter Lorre, Sidney Greenstreet, Claude Rains, Michele Morgan; never was there such a famous *galère* for a voyage. Flashback within flashback reveals the Free French Air Force in England, Devil's Island, Paris before the collapse, bombers' moons, and the Atlantic. Half-a-dozen escaped convicts making their way back to fight for France supply mo of the material which bristles formidably. T different camps of patriot, Vichyite, *jemenfoutis* are suggestively sketched. All that is lacking is a ultimate thread of conviction: the transformatio scene, for example, of a Kentish landscape with cow haystacks and hedges into a Free French aerodrom leaves me rather sceptical, and there is some droppin of love-missives in France on the way back fro bombing raids. Still, I must admit that for thrill good acting and Patriotism with a capital P, *Passa to Marseilles* gives us our money's worth.

The Eve of St. Mark is another picture of America training. Unlike the rest it adds a touch of poetr to barrack-room humours, and Vincent Price make one of his rare appearances dispensing a sardoni charm and quoting Shakespeare and Eliot. Film of i kind, though I prefer the methods of our own *T Way Ahead.*

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

THE LABOUR PARTY

SIR,—What is the policy of the Labour Party to b in the post-war world? Political thought has move far since the adoption of the Socialist programme a the end of the last war. The Labour Party is itse conscious that the vague Socialist aspirations of i nonage are now a trifle *jejune*. *Labour and the Ne Social Order* was adequate in 1918 as a first stateme of the broad Socialist policy of the Party. *Labour an the Nation* of 1928 was marred by a disconcerti diffuseness in its aims. They are both hopelessly ou of date to-day, when what is primarily needed is clarification of what precisely socialism means whe applied to the multifarious types of industry. Th technicians, the managers, the workers, all no demand something more than a vague idealism. The demand the how, the why and the whither in relatio to their own individual lives and livelihoods.

Gradually, however, the possible lines of development are being worked out by individuals and group and in some not too distant future one of these mus be endorsed as official policy. We cannot be to early in endeavouring to assess them. Two have b now become fairly recognisable. We may christe them the Bevin way and the Morrison way.

With all their differences these two have this i common: neither of them represents an advance o the kind of Socialism envisaged in the declaration o 1918. It is as though both had become conscious o the vital strength of capitalism; and, having lost th high hope of the early crusading days, are fearful o the results of a frontal attack upon the enemy. Compromise is the keynote of both policies. To put i epigrammatically, one can say that the Bevinite envisage a control of the State by an alliance o official trade unionism and big business, whereas th Morrisonians advocate a control of unions and bi business alike by the State.

The Bevin way is founded on a consideration o what is practical. In this typically English qualit lies its strength. It appeals to the unpolitical min of the man in the street. It relies on those larg numbers of workers for whom a union is not a politic but a purely industrial creation. Its ultimate succe depends on whether the capitalist system can satis the claims of both the owners and the workers. It i a partnership of organised labour and concentrate capital. The Bevin way has always been the way o the unions considered *qua* unions. Only the stupidi of the Courts at the turn of the century compelle trade unionism to sponsor the creation of a distin political party of the workers. And only the radic survival of *laissez-faire* principles into the four decade of this century has kept the unions pledge to a Socialist programme. After the failure of th General Strike came an early mooting of the Bev idea in the Mond-Turner talks. Monopolies can gi trade unionists terms which cut-throat competitio would always find impossible. To those who a concerned not with principles and ideals, but with th bread-and-butter question of dividends, wages a labour conditions, there is something eminent attractive in the Bevin idea.

The way of the Morrisonians is based on intellectual remises. Not that it is any the less practical than e Bevin way, but it has principles and ideas behind . One might say that it represents the reaction of e political as distinct from the union wing of the abour Party to the realisation that capitalism is not ottering to its doom in the next few years. It is an ttempt to establish bastions within the capitalist ortress from which some future Socialist offensive may be launched. The Morrisonians have realised hat what the recent Fabian pamphlet *Government and ndustry* describes as "rule of thumb nationalisation," s not enough. Vast economic fields lie outside the phere of the basic industries which are the only ones ipe for nationalisation. The weapon that will cope with the whole problem is that wartime discovery, ontrol. Suppose, say the Morrisonians, that State ontrols pervade the whole of the national economy nd protect the interests of the producing and conuming public, then the question as to the precise wnership of industrial undertakings loses much of he significance that it once possessed. State control ecomes almost synonymous with State Socialism, and t any rate it has the great advantage that it does not meet half the opposition with which the latter is beset.

And what else is there within the Labour Party? Are these two schools to be pitted against one another n a straight fight to see whether official policy shall ecome unionist, if not corporative, or rest in that olitical half-way house of State control? Large umbers of the rank and file are suspicious of both the Bevin and the Morrison ways. They have vague eelings that both are, if not reactionary, at least deviating from the main Socialist path. But as yet o leaders have emerged to canalise, formulate and ammer into a practical policy the innate Socialist spirations of the many who do not appreciate or ccept the need for compromise. There are rebels who damn both the Bevinites and the Morrisonians, ebels who can galvanise the enthusiasm of the rank nd file, but they have not yet produced a programme which can be put before the Party as a policy of mmediate action. They are still concentrating on he end, and ignoring the means.

R. MITCHELL

RUSSIA AND POLAND

SIR,—You said in your weekly comment of July 15th :—

> Stalin has intimated to members of the Polish Government in this country that he is expecting them to return to Poland to carry out their administrative functions as the Red Army and the Polish Partisans liberate the Polish territory.

And you went on suggesting that certain Polish Ministers "Very comfortably ensconced in this country" are not eager to return.

This is not true. No offers have been made by the Soviet Government to the members of the Polish Government to return to Poland; the Polish Government, on the other hand, have repeatedly intimated their desire to return to Poland immediately on the liberation of even the smallest portions of the territory of the Polish Republic.

We are confident, however, that just as it has been proved impossible not to recognise the authority of the French Provisional Government or not to extend the authority of the Italian Government of Signor Bonomi to the liberated provinces of Italy, it will be found just and necessary to enable the return to Poland without delay of the Polish Government recognised and supported by the Polish Underground Movement and the masses of the people of Poland.

JERZY SZAPIRO

Polish Ministry of Information,
Stratton Street, W.1.

[We are glad to hear that all the Polish Ministers are ready to return and to add the weight of their support to that now being given by the Polish resistance movement to the Red Army.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—I was positively dumbfounded, if not stunned after reading that the Polish Ministry of Information is spending such extremely large sums of money (£858,000 in 1944 and £575,000 the previous year) on propaganda. Propaganda of what, may I ask? If, as it looks, these colossal amounts were and are still spent in ventilating anti-Soviet, i.e. anti-Russian feeling in the United Kingdom and, as you say, that much of their (London Poles) time is devoted to anti-Soviet intrigue—then there is every reason to be driven to despair and to come to the conclusion that, such being the case, the only way out of the *impasse* will be found by force of circumstances in those directions usually found in international relations.

Is it possible, under such conditions, to bring about the establishment of tolerable relations between U.S.S.R. and the present Polish Government domiciled in London? May I speak simply as a Russian, enjoying your hospitality for thirty years? For those of us who have watched and studied the activities of the Poles here, to put this question means to reply to it.

Leaving aside the direct cause of the breach of diplomatic relations, anyone knows who has read the Polish newspapers, pamphlets, leaflets, tracts, etc. (in Polish and in English) published in London the extent of the enmity and hate nourished towards Russia by the Polish political circles—(with slight exceptions, I admit)—which are grouped around certain members of the Polish Government in London. Let nobody tell us that this enmity and hate are not directed against the Russian people, but only against the Russian political regime. Both in our history and in our personal experience each one of us does not meet with Polish Russophobia, nor with the Polish bellicose language for the first time. We know whom and what London-Polish policy and propaganda in this country has in mind. The reasons why the Soviet Government broke off diplomatic relations with the Polish Government in London are well known. It would be an illusion to expect that the Soviet Government will take the initiative in re-establishing these relations. What need does it have of them? If the Polish Government in London, for its part, has need of this renewal, then it must radically change its policy and attitude with regard to the U.S.S.R.

Do you not think, Sir, bearing all this in mind, and remembering the above-mentioned colossal sums, Marshal Stalin is right in looking for a friendly Polish Government rather on the threshold of suffering Poland than amongst the London Poles, if, as seems apparent, he does not find there the desired response to his suggestions? Being a realist he is trying hard to find practical-minded Poles (not necessarily Communists) with whom he can negotiate a just settlement and solve the problems on which lasting and peaceful co-existence between U.S.S.R. and Poland may rest. This the Marshal is determined to accomplish without in any way harming the interests of the Polish nation and State, which he wishes to be independent, democratic and strong, retaining every foot of its own Polish territory and not encroaching on a single foot of that belonging to any other land. I do not want to be misunderstood. I do not deny that the achievement of an understanding between U.S.S.R. and Poland is worth a certain yielding of position by *both* sides.

But any discussions demand the existence of certain conditions and prerequisites. The prerequisites of U.S.S.R.-Polish discussions are known. Whatever may be the form of Government of Russia these prerequisites will remain unchanged, and all Russians, wherever they are and of whatever political creed, are behind them and the leaders who proclaim and defend them.

E. SABLINE
Former Imperial Chargé d'Affaires for
Russia in Great Britain.

Easy Money
And two other Plays
ALEXANDER OSTROVSKY
Translated by DAVID MAGARSHACK
The three famous comedies, *Easy Money, Even a Wise Man Stumbles* and *Wolves and Sheep*, published in this volume for the first time in an English translation, should once and for all kill the undeserved reputation for unrelieved gloom which Russian drama has gained in this country. These three plays are great literature, great drama and great fun. The appeal of these plays is universal, the plot of every one of them is modern despite the fact that they were written over half a century ago, and the characters are living men and women. 10*s.* 6*d.* *net*
George Allen & Unwin Ltd

THE
ROYAL AIR FORCE
IN THE WORLD WAR
CAPT. N. MACMILLAN
M.C., A.F.C.
VOLUME II of this excellent history of air operations tells of the Battles of Holland, Belgium, France and Britain.
Illustrated. Vol. II. 12/6 *net.*

THE
BANK OF ENGLAND
REGINALD SAW
An entertaining account of the founding and growth of the Bank of England, including anecdotes of famous people, and many odds and ends of information.
Illustrated. 9/6 *net.*
HARRAP

★ The 3rd large printing [*7s. 6d.*] of
REX WARNER'S
magnificent novel
WHY WAS I KILLED?
is now available. Just published in America, its reception there has been sensational. The *New York Times* writes: 'It is one of the few books produced during the war that will last.'
THE BODLEY HEAD

COMING SHORTLY
STEPHEN HERO
by
JAMES JOYCE
The original draft of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* was thrown into the fire by James Joyce, after a publisher's refusal. His wife rescued most of it and the fragment was later bought for the Library of Harvard University. The draft differs very considerably from the final published version, and includes characters and incidents which were later cut for the sake of compression. The present edition has been carefully edited with footnotes and prepared for the press by Dr. Theodore Spencer in such a way as to show Joyce's queries, deletions and alternative ideas.
[9s 6d net]
JONATHAN CAPE

FREE THOUGHT AND THE B.B.C.

SIR,—All the signatories to the letter on this subject are, I think, either Unitarians or Rationalists. Many orthodox, as distinct from conventional Christians would gladly have signed it, but it would have been better still if it had come from them. I am vividly reminded of the fight that the Liberal Catholic and Socialist Guild of St. Matthew, led by Stewart Headlam, put up late last century and early this century against all attempts to prevent or penalise the public expression of any religious or anti-religious, orthodox or unorthodox, opinion—e.g. their fight against the Blasphemy Act. Stewart Headlam had many a public debate with Charles Bradlaugh in defence of the Catholic Faith, but when Bradlaugh was sent to prison on account of his opinions Headlam sent him this telegram: "I wish you good luck in the name of Jesus Christ the Emancipator, whom so many of your opponents blaspheme"—those opponents being, of course, that conventional and pietist religious world that Headlam so heartily detested. To the extent that the spirit and outlook expressed in that telegram is lacking in professing Catholics to-day, to that extent have they forfeited the right to call themselves Catholics. Those of them, and of other Christian bodies, favoured by the B.B.C. exclusiveness should have been the first to protest against being so favoured.

May I add that most of the religious stuff that I have heard on the wireless, so far from being orthodox is, *on the contrary*, conventional, sloppy and dull.

Belsize Park, N.W.3. R. WOODIFIELD

ELECTRIFYING SCOTLAND

SIR,—Freda White is inaccurate. Notices appeared in Scottish newspapers stating that a booklet giving particulars of constructional scheme No. 1 could be obtained from the County Clerks of the counties in which works are to be erected and from the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, from whom I obtained a copy without difficulty. The booklet includes full details of the districts affected, with excellent maps.

What Miss White means by "the most beautiful and most populous glen" is by no means clear, as there are very few houses in the catchment area of the Loch Morar project and probably none in the Loch Sloy and Lochalsh areas. How the inanimate Loch Sloy dam is to rejoice (a fatuous remark) is not explained—in any case, it is doubtful if the dam will be visible from any part of the road on the side of Loch Lomond.

The booklet does not contain plans of the power houses, etc., but states that these, on a scale of not less than 1/96, shall, after consultation with the Amenity Committee, be submitted to the Secretary of State, and Miss White has no right to assume that they are appalling. The Board has consulted the Amenity Committee before and during the preparation of the scheme.

I agree that every effort should be made to erect power houses, etc., which are in accordance with local conditions and are as unobtrusive as possible. Also that no unsightly masses of derelict machinery, hutments, etc., should be left on the countryside when the works are completed.

42, Oxford Street, Dundee. ERIC MAXWELL

DUSTY RETORT

SIR,—For Mrs. Staggs' information. Pithead baths are built by the Miners' Welfare Fund, from money raised by a levy on all coal raised. They are managed by trustees representing the [illegible]ers, who pay the running cost.

Explosives are generally paid for by the miner using them. The estimated cost is included in the piecework price settled for the job. Reckless use is most dangerous, and is discouraged by this arrangement. Cost price is charged.

I believe I am right in saying that the Minister of Fuel and Power recently stated in the House that 40 outfits of American mechanical loading equipment are producing an average of only 450 tons weekly. These results indicate that their systems require much experiment before satisfactorily meeting British conditions. The American fatal accident rate is 3x as high per thousand employed, though slightly lower per million tons mined.

The average weekly cash earnings in the industry for the last quarter of 1943 were £5 2*s.* 5*d.* They have since been substantially increased. A collier laughed agreement when I suggested that the good dockets are kept to show to friends in the club on Saturday night. The bad ones are kept for social workers.

In reply to Mr. Coombes. Has he read Arthur Horner's speech last Sunday?

Bonus shift. The misfortunes which result in the loss of the bonus turn are not so frequent as to constitute a general grievance. The night man who works Sunday nights (as he should in wartime) at time-and-a-half, can lose a shift later in the week without losing his bonus. This goes largely for the afternoon man, too, for most under-managers are only too glad to find a repairing gang who are willing to work Saturday or Sunday afternoon, at overtime rates, to do urgent repairs.

Whatever its original purpose, the bonus turn is out of date. It is only one of a series of addenda which make a South Wales miner's docket comp hensible only to a trained wages clerk—hence m unnecessary discontent. The solution I favour hourly pay at the appropriate rate, as in engineeri with each man clocking on and off at his lamp statio and with walking time paid on a mileage basis.

COLLIERY MANAGER

THE ANGEL OF DEATH

SIR,—The fable of the flight from Death is one the oldest in the wonderful corpus of Islamic legen Mr. Somerset Maugham's brief retelling was synd cated round the world some years ago, and th interest in the modern versions was revived. S Edwin Arnold's, cited by S. L. B., is one of ma Perso-Indian forms. It is without the impressiv encounter in the courtyard of Baghdad and th demand for the swiftest steed to Samara, whe Azrael had his appointment.

Mr. Maugham took this, the most concrete an striking image. Edith Wharton, author of *Th House of Mirth*, gives it in her reminiscences as perfect story narrated to her by young Cecil Spring-Rice, long before he became an ambassador. Mrs Wharton, as an American, ought to have remembered her own country's poet, and the Spanish Jew's tal in the *Wayside Inn*. Longfellow, however, ha Solomon and the Raja Runjeet Singh of Hindustan, and he makes Solomon flick a miracle in the air with his signet-ring. S. K. RATCLIFFE

Glasgow, W.2.

BENGAL FAMINE

SIR,—I am astonished by your leading article of the 8th April, entitled *Famine in Bengal*, which was based on the Calcutta *Statesman* supplement. I mention with due humility that my relief committee alone collected over thirty-eight lacs of rupees. We have worked throughout the province on quite a large scale, and are still working on medical and rehabilitation schemes. We are also providing shelter and maintenance for destitute women and children. I expect you to find out the truth and do justice to unofficial organisations and individual efforts. Besides this committee, several other organisations have done excellent work.

By Cable: B. KANORIA HONY,
Bengal Relief Committee, Secretary
8, Royal Exchange Place, Calcutta.

[Our leading article reviewed the unsatisfactory record of the Central and Provincial governments in dealing with the famine, and also of the municipality of Calcutta. It is no answer to say that private charity did something to mitigate the disaster. Only by prompt and far-sighted governmental action could the famine have been prevented—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Ready July 31st

THE BLOOD REMEMBERS

HELEN HEDRICK

Set in the midst of savage and magnificent mountains, this novel is the story of the last frontier within the United States when the Indians, outwardly pacified, were still the Indians of ancient and pagan ways, the story of Elden Braddock and Richard Burch, their marriage, their love and their struggle, the story which tells how the blood remembers.

8/6 net

T. V. BOARDMAN & CO., Ltd.

On July 28

John Prebble

WHERE THE SEA BREAKS

In this story of four crashed German airmen holding by terror a small island off the coast of Scotland is symbolized the whole theme of the present conflict, the war between irreconcilable faiths. A brilliant book by a new writer.

6s. *net*

Brian Tunstall

OCEAN POWER WINS

A series of studies in the new conception of "ocean power" and its supremacy in this war. An interesting account of the technique of sea invasion is included.

9s. 6d. *net*

SECKER & WARBURG

Now Ready

Col. Beck & His Policy

By

Stanislaw Mackiewicz

This is a study of the classic principles of Polish diplomacy, written with wit and inside knowledge by the well-known Polish publicist. He carefully examines Col. Beck's policy, and shows where, in his view, he failed, not from complicity but from incompetence.

7s. 6d. net

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Arthur G. Donahue

LAST FLIGHT FROM SINGAPORE

"Something more than a story of experiences in the air-war . . . It gives us another glimpse of Singapore in its final agony, a spectacle so fantastic as still to be almost incredible . . . This book will undoubtedly be one of the sources to which the future historian will have to go." EDWARD SHANKS in *The Daily Dispatch*. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Macmillan
& Co., Ltd.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

CIEN PISSARRO died last week, just before publication of these letters[*] which are a ument of paternal affection. He was deeply oured by his fellow-painters because through- his long life he pursued his art with the same le-mindedness as his mighty father. In e letters we see him as a young man working London with Ricketts and Shannon. "I happy," his father writes, "to hear that you found friends worthy of you, but it is strange the young English artists are so ignorant the Impressionists." (Strange indeed, for date of this letter is 1890 !) Lucien was then ducing woodcuts in a style conspicuously glish. But how French are the paintings which his reputation chiefly depends—care- y calculated designs in which the play of light endered by means of a modified *pointillisme.*

> When you feel the impulse to make something, o it no matter the cost. . . . You can be sure f reward. So rare a thing is it to have a desire hat it is one's duty to act on it, and at once, for esire evaporates, if one delays.

is advice was consistently followed by Lucien, o had the same characteristically French iousness as his father. The odd thing is t Camille, so far as I know, had not a drop of ench blood. A Jew of Spanish origin, he was Danish subject, for he was born in 1831 in the est Indian island of St. Thomas (which was d by Denmark to the U.S.A. only in 1917).

The Impressionists are, to-day, I fancy, the ost admired in England of all good painters, joying a wider popularity than Raphael a ndred, or Botticelli fifty, years ago. And at wonder—for their pictures express a vision ch as we should all be enraptured to possess, mple, sensuous and passionate. These Masters ch us, moreover, to wrest enjoyment ourselves om what is intrinsically ugly, for they discovered at light could lend to the bricks and tiles of the lgarest villa the gorgeousness of the mosaics d marbles of St. Mark's.

Pissarro's stature becomes steadily more im- essive: except for Cézanne, upon whom his fluence was capital, he was the best designer ong the Impressionists. This book of his tters is of the first importance to everyone inter- ted in nineteenth century painting. From 85 until his death in 1903 Camille Pissarro gularly sends news to his son of the works which he is engaged, of his financial situation, his opinions about other painters and their ork, and of their opinions about one another. e was a simple man, lacking the sharp intelli- nce of Degas, and there are few references to erature and music. His travels were limited England and the Low Countries. Save for s ardent fidelity to the political ideal of anar- ism he might be taken as the type of the "pure" ainter who is nothing but an eye, a sensibility d a hand.

He came to Paris at the age of twenty and ecame a pupil of Corot, for whose work he tained an entire devotion. A letter written 1903 recapitulates his development. A critic lled Dewhurst had remarked that he and onet had "no conception of light" before heir sojourn in England in 1870.

> The fact is we have studies which prove the contrary. He omits the influence which Claude Lorrain, Corot, the whole eighteenth century and Chardin especially exerted on us. But what he has no conception of is that Turner and Constable, while they taught us something, showed us in their works that they had no understanding of the *analysis* of *shadow,* which in Turner's painting is simply used as an effect, a mere absence of light. As far as tone division is concerned, Turner proved the value of this as a method, among methods, although he did not apply it correctly and naturally.

It is arguable that Pissarro here makes no allowance for the indirect influence that Constable exercised on the Impressionists through Delacroix, but the paintings executed by Pissarro, Monet and even Manet in the late Sixties support this denial to Turner of any paramount influence.

It was not till the middle Eighties that any success came to the Impressionists, who now included Renoir, Sisley and Berthe Morisot; and this was the moment unluckily chosen by Pissarro to alter his style. He became a pointillist or neo-Impressionist, under the influence of Seurat, Signac and the theorist Fénéon. The consequence was that he continued to be desperately poor, when his Impressionist colleagues were beginning to sell their pictures for reasonable prices. Moreover, he quarrelled with them. Manet and Renoir had already betrayed the solidarity of the group by preferring to exhibit in the Salon, and this disagreement was now aggravated by a difference in technique. Pissarro becomes extremely unfair to the work of his friends, who in turn deplore his infatuation with "the dot." In July, 1888, Pissarro writes about the latest Monets: "They are beautiful but Fénéon is right, while good they do not represent a fully developed art. For my part I subscribe to what I have often heard Degas say, his art is that of a skilful but not profound decorator." So far, so good; but two days later he decides that the pictures he had called beautiful are "as Fénéon says, more vulgar than ever." Three years later Pissarro was in such straits that he appealed to Monet, who at once sent him a thousand francs, and a day of two later he writes of the *Couchers de soleil* that, while lacking something very difficult to define, they are the work of a very great artist. And in 1895 he says of the *Cathédrales*: "Cézanne is in complete agreement with my view that this is the work of a well-balanced but impulsive artist who pursues the intangible nuances of effects that are realised by no other painter." This renewal of admiration is entirely to Pissarro's credit, for the material obligation to Monet would have made a small man more severe than before upon the art of his benefactor.

During Pissarro's infatuation with those damned dots, he was unfair to almost everyone. Sisley is described as "adroit, delicate enough, but absolutely false." His work is "commonplace, forced, disordered." This passing blindness to the virtues of his *confrères* is painful to read of but it points a moral. While the judgment of a good artist on pictures is always more interesting than that of a mere critic, it can on occasion be less just, because the painter inclines to use as a criterion the aim that he himself is pursuing. Years afterwards, when Pissarro had resumed the Impressionist technique, we find him calling Sisley "a great and beautiful artist . . . a master equal to the greatest." But the blinkers are still there, and the young Bonnard's exhibition (1896) is considered hideous not only by Pissarro but by Degas, Renoir and Monet. Such in each generation is the usual blindness of great artists to their most worthy successors.

Though he helped Gauguin, his opinion of him was not high—and here perhaps time may be thought to have supported his judgment. He is a schemer who has sensed that the bourgeoisie are moving to the right, he behaves shamelessly, he is a *farceur* and trickster, "he is always poaching on someone's ground; now he is pillaging the savages of Oceania . . . Only Degas admires, Monet and Renoir find all this simply bad." But Pissarro is constantly absolute for Degas: "Degas is without doubt the greatest of this period," he writes in 1883; and in 1898, when Degas's anti-Dreyfusard enthusiasm had made personal relations impossible: "His drawings are more beautiful than Ingres's." Pissarro was equally faithful to Cézanne, who acknowledged himself his pupil. As early as 1884, when he was desperately poor, he bought four sketches by Cézanne, and the Vollard exhibition of Cézanne in 1895 excites paeans—"still lifes of irreproachable perfection, others *much worked on* and yet unfinished, of even greater beauty."

> But my enthusiasm was nothing compared to Renoir's. Degas himself is seduced by the charm of this refined savage, Monet, all of us. . . .Are we mistaken? I don't think so. The only ones who are not subject to the charm of Cézanne are precisely those artists or collectors who have shown by their errors that their sensibilities are defective.

Does not this remain true to-day?

Pissarro's enthusiasm for pointillism was as short-lived as it was uncompromising. It began late in 1885 and was already waning in 1888, when he asked: "How can one combine the purity and simplicity of the dot with the fullness, suppleness, liberty, spontaneity and freshness of sensation postulated by our impressionist art?" In 1894 in a rather unkind letter to Signac he says that the neo-impressionist method is intrinsically bad, "instead of helping the artist, it paralyses and freezes him"; and in 1895 he speaks with hatred of all the pictures he had painted in his pointillist period.

The letters are distressingly full of references to the artist's poverty, which continued to be acute until 1891. He complains often—and not, I fancy, justly—of his dealer, Durand-Ruel. And his wife, a French peasant, makes things more difficult. She accuses him of egotism, indifference and nonchalance; she reproaches him with bringing up Lucien to do nothing (except practise his art), and at one moment Lucien seems to have echoed her reproaches. When he sends money to Lucien, he has to hide the fact from the boy's mother. In 1892 he bought his house at Eragny, and he built a studio, finding himself too old for the rigours of outdoor painting. But he painted usually from windows, taking rooms in hotels, such as the Hôtel du Louvre and the Hôtel du Quai Voltaire, and renting flats in the Rue de Rivoli and the Place Dauphine.

The letters are full of admiration for earlier artists; Greco, Vermeer, Delacroix, Chassériau, Courbet, Daumier and Charles Keene. Burne-Jones he refuses to swallow, Sargent is dismissed as "an adroit performer," and he warns Lucien to "steer clear of those pretty English watercolourists, so skilful and alas so weak, and so often too truthful."

> Derive your taste from those who are truly strong, for you must always go to the source: in painting to the Primitives, in sculpture to the Egyptians, in miniature to the Persians, etc., etc.

He warns Lucien also against his teacher, Legros:

> Degas says that there is one way of escaping Legros's influence, the method is simply this: it is to reproduce in your own place from memory, the drawing you make in class. . . . You will have your difficulties, but a moment will come when you will be astonished by the ease with which you retain forms, and, curiously enough, the observations you make from memory will have far more power and be much more original than those you owe to direct contact with nature.

The Impressionists are often thought to have made a fetish of fidelity to appearances, and it is interesting to find Pissarro recognising the excellence of Degas's advice.

One could continue for a long while quoting from these letters, which must remain a primary document for the history of nineteenth century painting. The translation is unidiomatic and fails to inspire confidence. Often one wonders what word Pissarro employed: "gobblers" evidently can be deciphered as "*gobeurs,*" but when one reads "The primitives are our masters because they are naive and knowing," one cannot guess the original of "knowing"—*habiles, savants, rusés, malins*? Mr. Rewald, on the other hand, must be thanked for the illustrations, the footnotes, and the care he has taken to identify all the pictures mentioned. These letters can only enhance our veneration for Pissarro, and particularly for the grandeur of spirit with which, on the brink of starvation, harassed by noisy children and a nagging wife with no belief in him, he continued to make paintings that are instinct with happiness and serenity.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

---

[*] *Letters to His Son Lucien.* By Camille Pissarro. Translated by Lionel Abel. Edited with the assistance of Lucien Pissarro by John Rewald. *Kegan Paul,* 35s.

SHAKESPEARE CRITICISM

Shakespeare and the Popular Tradition. By S. L. BETHELL. *King & Staples.* 10s. 6d.

Shakespearian Comedy and Other Studies. By GEORGE GORDON. *Oxford University Press.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Bethell displays great intellectual acumen, alert aesthetic susceptibility and an ardent faith in his own insight. But he has not, nor does he seek, the art of persuasion. This is the more to be regretted because, although there is much more delusion than revelation in his findings, much of what he says deserves serious attention.

His ostensible theme is that Shakespearian, and all good, drama requires a capacity for "multi-consciousness" in the audience: medieval plays by their "multiple" stage-sets had trained this psychological aptitude in popular audiences, and as Shakespearian drama inherited so many dramatic conventions from the medieval stage, the Shakespearian audience remained "multi-conscious." But, since Shakespeare, and culminating in Ibsen, drama has followed a course in which medieval dramatic conventions have been gradually replaced by more naturalistically representational techniques. By the nineteenth century this process had gone so far that the dramatists were writing plays which imposed on the audience the illusion that it was watching a scene from real life and not a performance on a stage. Hence the audience was not asked to show its "multiconsciousness" even in the simplest form, the merely dual consciousness at one and the same time of the real world and the "play-world." As far as the audience is concerned, this is not fatal to its capacity for artistic appreciation, for it has its Marx Brothers and Hollywood on the one hand, and pantomime and music-hall on the other, to keep its "multi-consciousness" alive. But it is fatal to the critics and expositors of Shakespeare, who have not normally been addicted to such restorative exercises. Hence the critics have imposed on us canons of Shakespearian criticism which are based on false, because "naturalistic" and "unconscious" criteria: and the arch-heretic is A. C. Bradley with his cult of character and characterisation as the clues to Shakespeare's dramatic genius.

Bradley, however, is only the arch-heretic. Mr. Bethell's argument seems to imply that almost every Shakespearian critic of the last three hundred years has been substantially blind, except of course the inarticulate ones in the popular audience who simply went to the plays and enjoyed them (many of them, no doubt, in spite of the fact that they thought that the Bradley of their time had enhanced their capacity to enjoy). All this, however, it soon appears, is only the more immediate and the smaller part of Mr. Bethell's real theme. His deeper interest is not in the present condition of literary criticism, but in the decline of religion in England since the Middle Ages. This preoccupation appears in the structure of his argument. The triumph of modern realistic drama is one facet of the cultural decline consequent on the triumph of Renaissance ideals. The Renaissance gave rise to rationalism and to experimental science: rationalism and the growing prestige of science debased reason by exalting it over the speculative intellect whilst in fact it was limiting it to the mere ordering of physical fact. Hence the growth of materialism and intellectual submission to the dictatorship of meaningless physical phenomena, culminating in the philosophic naturalism of Darwin and Spencer and Huxley. And so the prevalent agnosticism of our times. As the "naturalist" is blind to Christ in the universe, so the modern dramatic critic misses Shakespeare in the theatre. For Mr. Bethell there is a close connection between the two maladies, and the cure he offers for the smaller of them would help towards removing the greater.

The remedy he suggests is recognition of "multiconsciousness," a remedy made to sound even more like a nostrum when he elaborates the constituents of it required by *Troilus and Cressida*:

> In addition to the usual dual consciousness of play-world and real world, and of past and present time, there is the dual consciousness of story and philosophy, since the two are not wholly merged; there is the dual consciousness of character as representative and as allegorical; and further there must be a dual consciousness of certain incidents in their naturalistic and their allegorical significance.

Just what this act of consciousness is, and how it operates as a mental function, I am not psychologist enough to understand, and anyhow Mr. Bethell, one infers, would not be interested in what the psychologists might say. But the simplest form of "multi-consciousness," dual consciousness, operates, according to Mr. Bethell, when at one and the same time, in a theatre, we are conscious of a play-world and of the real world. A plain theatre-goer would no doubt agree that, at every play, he is at times aware of both these worlds: he goes to what he knows is a theatre in order to watch actors in a play-world. He knows, too, that sometimes, for longer or shorter stretches, the play absorbs him into the world of the dramatist's imagination. But what evidence is there for synchronousness in these two awarenesses? Does not experience suggest a simpler solution, namely, that for longer or shorter periods, the genius of the dramatist transports us so completely into the world of his imagination that for the time being we are unconscious of the real world? But such a simple explanation would deprive Mr. Bethell of a characteristic arabesque in his mystical pattern of the nature of all poetry.

One suspects, indeed, that the real lure of the "multiconscious" is that in form it looks like a finer elaboration of the intellectual scholasticism now so fashionable in theories of modern poetry, theories which have salutarily reminded us that the poet exercises his genius by drawing not only on the objective and rational content of words, but on their emotional and imaginative significance, theories, however, in which the operation of verse as verse has tended to become the heart of a mystery, and therefore the article of their faith on which the initiated dogmatise most imperiously. The poetry of Shakespeare, and not his drama, is Mr. Bethell's province, and hierophantic decrees about the significance of its tonal modulations are freely used as pieces of evidence. Generally they are incanted to justify symbolic interpretations which, by another channel of dual consciousness, are held to be the most precious revelations of Shakespeare the poet.

It does not seem unfair to test a theory or principle of criticism by its efficacy in practice. All our theoretical doubts are strengthened when Mr. Bethell lets his principles emerge as particular critical judgments. Of the scores which jab the reader as he reads, here are a few chosen almost at random. "Shakespeare's unpsychological treatment of character, including his notoriously uncertain motivation, suggests the existence of a guiding and controlling Power beyond the human will." On the same page, we are told that in Shakespeare "time" and "fortune" both mean Providence; and still on that page, the comment on Hamlet's "there's a divinity that shapes our ends," the phrase, that is, by which Hamlet resigns what he has hitherto held to be his duty, is this: "Hamlet's delay is purposive at last, as he waits on God." On the next page, "human beings have no dignity in themselves, but only in virtue of their central place in an universal plan." Prospero's cloud-capped towers and the rest of his unsubstantial pageant, we are told, incidentally imply the survival of human persons after their sleep of death. Macbeth's air-drawn dagger produces this comment: "this ambiguity of subjective and objective further reflects the sinner's uncertain grasp of objective reality, which results from setting up the private universe of his own supposed good, in opposition to the real universe as divinely ordered." A last example:

> Shakespeare's constant association of Cordelia with Christian doctrine (*sic*) means that he wishes to suggest the foreshadowing of Christ in pure natures before His coming . . . Cordelia, whom Shakespeare has made Christian, or indeed Christ-like, holds a position of central importance in the play, since she symbolises the goal of Lear's purgatorial struggle. . . . It is therefore quite evident that the paganism of "King Lear" is a deliberate reconstruction, planned for comparative appraisal in relation to the Christian world, and that it can no wise be taken as Shakespeare's own interpretation of the universe as he saw it.

Criticism which speaks so is pontifical, hierophantic, esoteric and sectarian. It denies Shakespeare to everybody who has not the somewhat narrowly exclusive form of Christian faith which is Mr. Bethell's; that is, to all but a small body of our contemporaries, English contemporaries, too—for no foreigner, except perhaps an almost completely Anglicised American, can ever be exalted by the mystic incantation of Shakespeare's rhythms to the hieratic ecstasy without which Mr. Bethell's Shakespeare is not to be apprehended. Which somehow does not seem like sense.

To come from Mr. Bethell to George Gordon is like passing from an incense-laden cell or an opium-fumed den into the invigorating freshness of the open air and of the world of men. His *Shakespearian Comedy* is a posthumous volume made up of a series of papers which he himself had not thought ripe for publication as a philosophic statement of the essence of Shakespeare's comedies. He was right. The papers which deal with Shakespearian comedy are adumbrations of what would have been an aesthetic of comedy if time and the affairs of the world had given Gordon the opportunity to formulate it. The design of the book he was not spared to write is clear in his first chapter, which is an examination of the essays by Meredith and Bergson. His diagnosis of their limitation, namely, their refusal to recognise the place of laughter in comedy, or their misconception of its nature when it is allowed, marks Gordon as a man in whom culture and nature, learning and living, had shaped the frame of mind most apt to the appreciation of Shakespeare's comic genius. It is true that the other papers, ostensibly elaborating this sketch of the orbit of Shakespeare's comedies, fall short of the promise. They are more like extemporary illuminations from an entertaining lecturer than the considered statements of a philosophical critic. But Gordon's insight into Shakespearian comedy was part of his insight into the human and natural world, and the inscrutable power of that world cut him off before the book was written. Even so, in these posthumous papers, one will find everywhere the world's Shakespeare.

H. B. CHARLTON

CRYSTAL-GAZING

The Dragon Beards Versus the Blue-Prints. By HSIAO CH'IEN. *Pilot Press.* 4s. 6d.

Old Man in New World. By OLAF STAPLEDON. P. E. N. Books. *Allen and Unwin.* 2s.

"Meditations on post-war culture" is the subtitle of Mr. Ch'ien's ambling and imaginative essay. He meditates, he ambles, he imagines: habits rare enough to-day, when speed and focus are the things to be remarkable. He has vision and common sense. But where (inevitable question) will this peregrination land us? Nowhere, it must be admitted, that one could put a name to; though the years have been bridged, distances covered with a glance. China and England, literature, the machine, the war, the planners: to a Chinese eye Western civilisation is a culture of machines, of the single overbearing machine that sweeps our carpets, boils the kettle, carries us about on wheels, and provides us, if we are unlucky, with a buzz-bomb on our doorsteps. We are both the masters and the slaves of our mechanical pattern. Somewhere there is a switch, but where, and whose the hand upon it? Looking round at English life and English riting he discovers on the one hand a safeuarding liberalism, on the other a natural ntipathy. “To me the English always seem o be saying, through Mr. Forster or somebody lse, ‘Use the machine gently . . . gently . . .’” Besides Forster, the writers quoted by Mr. Ch'ien are Lawrence, Huxley, Virginia Woolf, ll of whom, explicitly or not, represent that nsurrection against the machines delineated by Butler in *Erewhon*. On the other side, rapt n his vision of dynamos and the airmen of the uture, stands Mr. Wells: in *his* society the rtist's prospect will be that of “a student in n art school working in competition to design n electric train.” Mr. Wells postulates; the est of us caution and hedge—persuasively, let's ope! But one never quite knows how obstinate r how deaf the public ear may be.

Nothing very new in all this? Perhaps not, but Mr. Ch'ien sees things—our sort of things—with a fresh eye and intuition. Sprung from a civilisation which refused to accept machinery until the last moment, he takes nothing for granted and the tram-car which terrified him as a boy has still the charm of novelty. He looks at the traffic lights, and they suggest a parable. Here is the good and the bad of democracy: think how you have had to wait for the red when there was nothing going the other way, but remember, too, the easy stream of traffic sliding past the green! Again, the traffic lights (useful gadget) represent control of the machine; and in such counter-inventions, as Mr. Ch'ien calls them, lies the hope of the future. He agrees that things can't be uninvented. We can't—despite Dr. Joad—abolish the car; we can check ruthless driving with more ruthless traffic lights. With such parables, enlargements, hints, reconciliations, *The Dragon Beards Versus the Blue-prints* steers us into calmer ways of thinking than our own. China in the last twenty years has learnt from the West—from Ibsen and Chehov as well as from dive-bombers and poison gas—and through such quiet persuasion as Mr. Ch'ien's we may hope to learn something in our turn. His pace and his manners count. I should add that the reader insensitive to a writer's tone will probably do better to give this little book a miss and read the next yellow-back with the title *Whither Now?* or *Global Problems and Prospects*.

The future! Well, who doesn't, in moments of *élan* or depression, stray there occasionally? It is pretty well mapped out by now, and the London of Mr. Olaf Stapledon's *Old Man in New World* seems almost as familiar as the grimy and ruined streets outside one's window. He has been taking a dose, I should say, of L.C.C. planning, and I note with regret that in the London of seventy years hence the “great pile of University College” still stands among other piles equally great and Waterloo Bridge is picked out as “a precursor of the new order.” There are—did you guess?—gardens and boulevards everywhere to offset the austerity of the buildings, most of which seem to be huge. Here and there a Georgian square has been left, “matching perfectly” with the new. How has that been achieved, one wonders? Still, house-hunters of the future will be grateful. During these next seventy years or so a good deal appears to have happened: an abortive war between America and Russia, prevented by general strikes on both sides; a world revolution and world order; a generation that has grown up (so far as I can make out) without fears of any kind. There is a new expertness, a new superiority, a new mysticism. The old man of the title, remembering wars and revolutions, is fidgetty and a little distrustful of the young, as he flies over London, converses with a friend, watches a march-past of the nations and listens to the President of the Globe addressing humanity. One shares his fidgets, and wonders whether it won't be too late for fidgeting. This vision of Mr. Stapledon's is big and bland and shadowless like most Utopias and pictures of the hereafter; unlike them it is also reasonable. Horrible thought, it may even be true! Mr. Stapledon seems very sure. . . .

There they are, then—Mr. Ch'ien's dragon-beards, Mr. Stapledon's blue-prints—two aids to the future, which should give us something to think about during the sleepless nights.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

Tucker's People. By IRA WOOLFERT. *Gollancz.* 12s. *6d.*

Pity My Simplicity. By CHRIS MASSIE. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Next of Kin. By BASIL BARTLETT. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.*

There are as many different kinds of novel as there are different ways of regarding human beings. Categories must always be dangerous and arbitrary—so many overlap, so many are inevitably omitted, so many suggest misleading similarities. But no critic has been able to avoid categorisation, and probably no criticism is possible without it. On the whole Zola's novels are sociological, Flaubert's psychological, although Flaubert was a brilliant and painstaking sociologist, Zola often an acute psychologist. On the whole the pre-war decade was a period of sociological enthusiasm among novelists, and on the whole the pendulum is slowly swinging back. These two categories are among the most helpful. They are far from inclusive, but they do suggest two widely different ways of regarding man; man as the product of his large environment, biological unit of class, country and epoch; and man as the son of his parents, child of his house, creature of his accumulating private past. It is evident at once that these attitudes are not exclusive, and that the greatest novelists have combined the two. But the emphasis continually swings between them, between the large canvas and the miniature, between the horizontal and the vertical.

To say that *Tucker's People* is a sociological novel is not to deny to Mr. Woolfert a high degree of psychological insight. A novel which is exclusively sociological, and there have been lamentable examples, almost forfeits its right to the title of novel. The characters are simply X, Y and Z. But Mr. Woolfert has deliberately and wisely chosen a sociological approach, for he has a wonderful grasp of the large, compelling influences of epoch and society. Positively, sometimes over-explicitly, a philosophy emerges. It is not a new one, but it is presented with enormous dramatic effect, and with a sincerity which temporarily disarms criticism.

The subject matter of this book is so misleading that I find myself tempted as a critic to conceal it. Racketeers in Harlem have powerful literary associations for us; they have been monotonously over-exploited in stale and familiar terms. Yet the world of *Tucker's People* is so unfamiliar that we can hardly recognise it as the same territory. It is a fine vindication of the often forgotten fact that no subject-matter need ever be exhausted, any more than painters need ever reach the point where it is no longer possible to paint a tree.

Mr. Woolfert principally differs from his predecessors in this field by a complete, an almost bewildering absence of toughness. Indeed his occasional lapses are all done to an excessive gentleness. There are brutal characters, treacherous characters, hardly a single character who is not corrupted; yet not only are brutality and corruption constantly relieved by a struggle

MORALITY
AND
HAPPINESS

By Lan Freed 5/- net
Foreword by Leonard Woolf

“witty . . . admirably concise . . . her words always tell and frequently bite . . . as one frequently bitten myself, I make full avowal of her mordancy. These are rare virtues in a philosopher.”—
C. E. M. JOAD in
The New Statesman.

Reprints ready shortly:
THE ENGLISH: ARE THEY HUMAN?
By G. J. Renier. 8*th Imp.* 8/6 *net.*
THE SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE.
By Helena Wright, M.B. 16*th Imp.* 4/- *net.*

WILLIAMS & NORGATE

FIRST REVIEWS OF
QUEEN'S HALL 1893 1941
by ROBERT ELKIN
Foreword by Dr. Malcolm Sargent

“Musicians and music lovers owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Elkin.” —*Yorkshire Post.*
“It will induce a nostalgia.”—*Truth.*
“It is excellently done—a worthy souvenir.”—*Daily Herald.*
“Alive with excellent and little-known stories.”—*Cavalcade.*
“Memorable reading for music lovers.”—*Public Opinion.*
“A panorama of London musical life for the last fifty years.” —*Liverpool Post.*
“He succeeds admirably in conjuring up the atmosphere of Queen's Hall.” —*Listener.*

6,000 SOLD ALL PROFITS TO HENRY WOOD PROM JUBILEE FUND

Superbly illustrated, 21/-

RIDER
37, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1

Is your drinking water above suspicion?

If there is any doubt about the matter, STILL MALVERN WATER, the purest natural spring water known, can still be supplied without restriction of area throughout Great Britain.

STILL MALVERN WATER is singularly free from mineral salts which may be harmful, and its medicinal value lies in its essential purity.

Order from your Wine Merchant, Chemist or Grocer

WE BUY
the contents
of HOTELS
BLOCKS of FLATS
MANSIONS
PRIVATE HOUSES
and FLATS
Please write or telephone the Head Buyer
The Times
FURNISHING CO., LTD.
HOLborn 8515
LONDON 235-238 High Holborn, W.C.1
MANCHESTER 86-88 MARKET STREET (*Deansgate 3214*)
LIVERPOOL 91-95 LORD STREET (*Central 6327*)
BIRMINGHAM HIGH STREET (*Midland 6294*)
BRIGHTON 61-62 WESTERN ROAD (*Brighton 3209*)

towards generosity, but in every case the cause and origin of wickedness is carefully examined. We are not presented, as we have been so often presented in the past, with inexplicable fully-fledged villains, complete bad-men whose only weakness is a maudlin sentimentality. These people are victims, and, but for the grace of God, ourselves.

The background is something called "policy" or "the numbers required." It's exact nature is never altogether intelligible, although the writer's knowledge appears to be exhaustive. Nor does complete intelligibility greatly matter. The human situation is clear enough. In so far as there is a story it tells of a Big Shot's entry into "policy," his attempt to create a monopoly by buying up or breaking the smaller men, his final failure and the betrayal of his subordinates. Tucker causes destruction wherever he goes and leaves a desert behind him; but the book is no more an indictment of Tucker than it is an indictment of the corrupt police officers and lawyers, the corrupt politician or the unscrupulous district attorney. The moral is not, as it might more superficially have been, the terrible devastation which can be caused by one bad and powerful man. We are shown that everyone, from the judge, Tucker and the politicians, down to the Tucker's meanest underlings, are driven remorselessly by fear. It is a fear of insecurity which impels them into greater insecurity. And the villain of the book, the cause of this self-destructive fear, is the business world. "Perfect fear casteth out love" remarked a friend the other day, as a flying bomb spluttered above us. That is the first and most readily acceptable part of Mr. Woolfert's thesis. Throughout the book love is a powerful emotion often on the point of breaking through; but destructive fear is more powerful still. As for the business world, it would be hard to deny its virulent and devastating effects. But surely the fear is less the effect than the cause of this blind acquisitive society. Yet there is more than a suggestion that Mr. Woolfert sees fear as the product of the system, removable with the system. Capitalism may be worse than anything before it, but every society has destroyed its individuals, spewed out its quota of victims. The book would have been more profound if it had suggested the eternal tragedy of human life, the truceless war between society and the individual.

But with this tentative reservation, how much deeper this book has probed than nearly all its predecessors of the same genre! Though each character is twisted by the same evil force, each reacts according to his own nature. They resemble each other only in the common origin of their ruin, and for all the helplessness which unites them, they remain differentiated human beings. Tucker loves his wife and wishes his children to be respectable: in business he is unscrupulous and disloyal. The brothers Minch painfully love each other, but Leo's weakness leads to the destruction of his friends and Joe's fear leads to the murder of Leo. Wheelock, the lawyer, falls selflessly in love with a chorus girl, but, by marrying, destroys her. Bauer, the clerk, who loves his family, ruins them and betrays his employer. There is a conflict between good and evil, but evil has the big battalions and we are never in doubt of the issue.

One sociological fact and two extraordinary scenes have remained most vividly in my mind. The fact is that the so-called racketeer is far less a gunman—he may never have used a gun in his life—than an astute and unscrupulous business man. Primarily he is concerned with book-keeping, with overhead expenses and the cutting of losses. The threat of force lies far in the background, and is only fulfilled with reluctance and extreme anxiety. This is illustrated by the scene where a policeman is on the point of telling Joe Minch the name of an informer. They look at each other in sudden terror. If Joe knows the name, he will be obliged to kill and the thought of killing fills him with terror. Similarly the policeman knows that to tell will be to commit a murder. The moment passes with heavy mutual relief. The other scene is of Tucker's interview with Wheelock before his escape into hiding. With extreme circumspection he tells the lawyer that he is about to abandon his associates. He is embarrassed, nervous and full of long-winded excuses. "It's right, all right. It's the only thing to do. The only thing to do is always right." A marvellous half-recognition of the compulsion behind his life. Indeed, throughout the book we move on two distinct levels of consciousness, skilfully differentiated—the author's understanding of his characters and the characters' blurred half-understanding of themselves.

There are occasional lapses into a rather brisk over-writing, but on the whole the style is vivid and effective. Mr. Woolfert's next novel will be awaited with unusual interest and high expectation.

Pity My Simplicity is one of those richly-written semi-fantastic stories which have appeared fairly frequently during the last few years. Maurice Quinton had written love letters for illiterate friend in the trenches of the last w Returning after the Armistice he embarks on neurotic and semi-mystical quest for the girl, an eventually finds her transformed by amnesia in a creature called Singleton. A murder is skilful disclosed; Quinton marries Singleton and Singleton drowns. Hers is the simplicity, a holy an clear-eyed simplicity, which we are called upo to pity. Yet Mr. Massie appears to belie that such simplicity is superior in its vision an understanding to anything attained by the sophisticated mind. This I am strongly inclined to doubt If the simple saints have sometimes show astonishing insight, they have also been generally distinguished for their extreme ignorance an naivety. These qualities are an ingredient o simplicity. I believe that Darwin showed greater understanding than Bernadette. Aft all, however much we may regret the simplicity of Eden, the fruit has been eaten and we ar creatures of knowledge and the Fall.

Mr. Massie writes in a slightly monotonous minor key, but there are passages of great beauty. On the whole I prefer the byways to the plot, and particularly the descriptions of Essex countryside. *Pity My Simplicity* is seldom dull an sometimes moving.

Next of Kin made an excellent film with trenchant lesson on the dangers of bad security. As a novel it loses nearly everything, and th motives for such a transmutation are hard t understand. I mention the book only to regret that the second world war has produced no John Buchan. *Next of Kin* is faintly reminiscent of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, and produces a strong nostalgia for those robust, improbable, deeply exciting books.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

NEW PAMPHLETS

UNRRA. *Stationery Office.* 4d.

A short account of the development and organisation of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration written from a official and formal point of view.

JAPAN: THE PROBLEM OF ASIA. By DOROTHY WOODMAN. *Pilot Press.* 1s.

An excellent booklet in the *March of Time* series. Dorothy Woodman has succeeded in compressing a very great amount of informative and valuable material into a short space. Japanese history, culture and politics are all dealt with simply, but not superficially. The illustrations are a admirable supplement to the text.

SERVICE SAFETY AND QUICK HELP

Quick-help with safety and freedom from unpleasant or harmful after-effects—that's the service people need in a hundred-and-one minor health emergencies. 'ASPRO' is the medicine that gives it to them. 'ASPRO' tablets dispel pain or nerviness in a few minutes—break up a cold or 'flu attack in one night. The results are swift and sure. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart or stomach—it is not habit forming—it just renders its healing, soothing service and is swiftly eliminated from the system, leaving a sensation of well-being that has to be experienced to be believed.

'ASPRO'

Does not Harm the Heart

Made by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

KNOCK 'H' OUT OF SAVING

It isn't possible to make a better razor blade than the Laurel. Only the finest Sheffield steel is used for these blades, which are processed by the skilled workers in the 'home of the cutting edge.' Save as you shave and invest your shaving savings in War Savings Stamps.

LAUREL

The Good-tempered Sheffield Blade

Made by George Lawrence Ltd., of Sheffield

If you deplore the neglect and ill-treatment of children please help the N.S.P.C.C. to end it

Your support is still needed

President H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth

N·S·P·C·C

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

Sir Spencer J. Portal, Hon. Treasurer,
20 Victory House, Leicester Sq. London, W.C.2

35—42

In Service for All The Salvation Army

Men, women and children of all races and creeds know that the experience, friendship and help of The Salvation Army are at their service.

Your gifts will help them.

GENERAL CARPENTER,
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.,
LONDON, E.C.4.

VERNMENT AND INDUSTRY. *Fabian Society.* 6*d.*
A discussion, along the lines of Herbert Morrison's recent speeches, of post-war relations between industry and the State. Controversial and thorough.

E GERMAN PROBLEM. By H. N. BRAILSFORD. *Common Wealth.* 6*d.*
This answer to Lord Vansittart by his most distinguished opponent is stimulating and sober. Mr. Brailsford deals incisively with the charge that the German people are racially aggressive and brutal, and exposes the historical fallacies in the Vansittart argument.

Week-end Competitions

No. 755

et by Andrew Wordsworth

The usual prizes are offered for the most quisitely grating passages of not more than 200 ords of prose or 20 lines of verse in which cometitors make use of the words they dislike most. ntries should be received by Monday, July 31.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 752

et by Fred Oyster

I noticed at a Promenade Concert the other night the man (or Whip) who goes round making the sitters stand. There must be many such queer jobs, and competitors are asked to reveal from their own knowledge, three, with any detail or comment they may think relevant. Limit of 200 words for the batch.

eport by Fred Oyster

Here are some curiosities:

The Capsicum Taster. "In making tincture of apsicum the chillies are first exhausted with alcohol, nd the testing is done by diluting this tincture just nough to cause the resultant solution barely to make he throat tingle." (D. W. BARKER.)

The Rocker. "It is, no doubt, still the custom of the ongshore boatman to have as crew someone o rock the boat in order to procure his passenger the llusion of the perils of the deep." (R. S. JAFFRAY.)

The Parchment Tanner. In rural Hampshire: Aye, it's dog-muck as does it, Marster. I've tried all hem new-fangled chemicals, but fer tanning parchment there baint nothin' to touch dog-muck. I gets t from the kennels; if ever they does away with unting' there won't be no more parchment."

"Who on earth buys parchment?" I enquired.

"That's easy; it goes to them 'Merican colleges here you pays a fee and gets a sustificut. Bigger the ee, bigger the parchment, a-course." (JOHN A. YATES.)

The Newt Gatherer. "A man once called and collected newts from a pond on my ground. He used to sell them to the Zoo as food for the reptiles, he said." (J. L. MASON.)

The Royal Horse Nurse. "There used to be a functionary in the Royal Stables whose business it was to ensure, by some means, that the horses to be used in that morning's State drive safely discharged (as Hemingway says) their bodily functions in good time." (D. W. BARKER.)

The Lavender Lady. Everyone in the hospital knows Miss Tomlinson; nobody knows where or how she lives. Every Thursday she marches unchallenged into the wards, and silently lays a handstitched bag of lavender beside each bed. On Monday, Tuesday and Friday she visits nearby hospitals. Probably her other days are spent fashioning her presents. One week, Miss Tomlinson will fail to arrive. A hospital tradition will have died with her. (C. H. BARNETT.)

I recommend that prizes be divided equally between D. W. Barker (quoted above), Leslie Johnson. W. Norman Dixon, Towanbucket, and H. W. Yoxall.

1. Everyone knows about the man who goes round with a hammer tapping the wheels of railway carriages to find out whether they are sound, but how many have noticed the hammerless, though more sensitive, assistant who helps him to listen?

2. In a certain mental hospital where the patients are allowed rather more opportunities for self-expression than usual, an attendant is deputed to erase the more outspoken of the graffiti as they appear. "Don't stop me," said one persistent offender, excitedly waving a piece of chalk at a caller who was standing in his path, "I'm two ——s and a—— ahead, and the silly beggar's lost his sponge!"

3. On the promenade of a Welsh seaside resort there is generally to be seen and heard, on the occasional summer evenings when it is not raining, a piano-accordionist with a lively style and a repertoire of the less reputable music-hall songs. When he has gathered a sufficient crowd, he unobtrusively disappears, to be replaced by his employer, a long-haired, wild-eyed revivalist who proceeds to urge his hearers to save their souls while there is yet time.

LESLIE JOHNSON

1. At Fun Fairs a lady—the more beautiful the better—is sometimes employed who reclines in bed. The customer throws balls at a target; if he hits the bull's-eye he sets forces at work which overturn the bed, so that the lady falls out. He is allowed to kiss her, and then puts her back in bed ready for the next comer.

2. The B.B.C. has a "decency expert"—a man who listens to all the programmes with his finger ready on a button. If the broadcaster diverges from his script and passes over the frontier into vulgarity, down comes the finger, and the programme is off the air.

3. There are men who make considerable sums of money by buying the floors of goldsmiths' workshops. The timber is removed bodily and burnt so that the minute fragments of gold dropped by the smiths are recovered.

W. NORMAN DIXON

(1) Some years ago a labourer appeared in Woolwich Police Court to explain his possession of a heavy rubber truncheon. This he did by saying that he was known on fairgrounds as "the human flogging machine." He obtained a living by allowing people to hit him with the truncheon.

(2) A miner of Rhos, in North Wales, who suffered from asthma, turned his complaint to practical use in earning a living. With the consent of the colliery company, he took the place of the pit canary and descended outcrop pit shafts to test the workings for gas and damp.

(3) A Fifth Avenue, New York, shop employs a kind of whipping boy on its staff. Whenever a customer appears with a complaint to which no good answer can be made, this employee is called up and roundly abused in the presence of the customer for negligence, the reprimand ending with dismissal from the firm's service. The man takes his hat and coat and leaves at once—for a café nearby, where he sips a cup of coffee until the customer has gone, when he returns, ready for the next reprimand and dismissal.

TOWANBUCKET

Quail-Stuffer. To Paris in peacetime thousands of early quail are shipped from North Africa. The birds refuse to eat in transit. Normal feeding does not restore their weight, on arrival, with economic speed. Accordingly quail-stuffers are employed. They masticate grain in their own mouths, hold the birds' beaks to their lips and spew the mess down into their crops. Vacancies in this calling—since it is both highly paid and seasonal—are much sought after.

Certificate-Purveyor. A now otherwise unemployed commercial artist "in Southern France" makes a good living by providing forged baptismal certificates for Jews. He uses fly-leaves torn from books of the appropriate age, has a tool for fraying the edges convincingly, and employs special sepia ink for applying fly-spots. The invariable comment of the Commissaires aux Affaires Juives to whom his works are tendered: "Enfin, en voilà un qui n'est pas faux."

Ankle-Masseur. The Commissioner of Population of the Central Provinces added an appendix to his last census report on local occupations. Among the more specialised pursuits listed was a "masseur of women's ankles." This, it has been suggested, is a profession in which a man might well work up.

H. W. YOXALL

Company Meeting
BEECHAMS PILLS
LARGER PROFIT

The sixteenth ordinary general meeting of Beechams Pills, Limited, was held on July 19th in London.

Mr. Louis Nicholas, J.P. (vice-chairman), presided, and read the statement of Mr. Philip E. Hill (the chairman), of which the following is an extract:—

The trading profit for the year ended March 31st last, earned by the companies of the group operating in the British Empire and in almost all parts of the world other than Europe, amounted to £1,471,560 as compared with £1,269,334 in the previous year. The overseas trade was most satisfactory and provides encouraging hope for the post-war period.

Our group of companies has contributed to the National Exchequer £1,079,152 in excess profits tax and national defence contributions and £595,885 in income tax, a total of £1,675,037. A small number of shares in a subsidiary company were sold during the year at an excess over book value of £192,404.

The group as a whole has a reserve set aside for future taxation amounting to approximately £300,000. Nothing has been included in the accounts in respect of the post-war refund of excess profits tax, which is estimated to amount to £269,000 after allowing for income tax thereon at 10s. in the £. The Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget speech in April last gave satisfactory assurances regarding this refund.

This business commenced over 100 years ago by the sale of the proprietary medicine which gives its name to the company, but at the present time many goods other than proprietary medicines are sold, and your directors are year by year extending beyond proprietary medicines the variety of the group's products. The report was adopted.

JOIN THE FUR CRUSADE

"How can any woman wear a trapped fur, knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture?" These were Grey Owl's words to me.

Write for leaflet of Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign, which names Furs you need not be ashamed to wear. Also tells you how to kill domestic animals and poultry humanely. Funds needed for Advts.

Major C. VAN DER BYL, Wappenham, Towcester

PURELY PERSONAL

ACCOMMODATION AVAILABLE in an empty Cigar-case for six King Six Cigars. Please communicate whereabouts of King Six to discriminating gentleman who knows it is an excellent cigar at 1/- each.

WHERE ARE THE WRITERS OF TOMORROW?

Develop your latent talent in your spare time with the LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM—the only school under the patronage of leading newspaper proprietors. REDUCED FEES. Special courses in Journalism, Short Stories, Article Writing, Poetry, Radio Plays, Eng. Literature. Personal tuition by correspondence. No time limit. Write Prospectus Office, L.S.J., 57 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Mus. 4574.

INDIA & CEYLON
BOMBAY
COLOMBO
CALCUTTA

ELLERMAN
CITY & HALL
LINES

Tudor Court, Fairmile Park Road,
Cobham, Surrey.
Tower Building, Liverpool.
Woodbank Hotel, Balloch, Dumbartonshire

From a Paratrooper in action Overseas

"A godsend to us all . . ."

JOHN SINCLAIR'S
Barneys

Barneys (*medium*), Punchbowle (*full*), Parson Pleasure (*mild*), 1 oz. 2/9½d.